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THE END.

BY WM. W. LONG.

"I hold you a second—kiss me and go,
I'll keep you no longer, you are free,"
Were the words you spoke in a quiet measure—
Oh, but the torture rose strong in me!

I said not a word, my lips were dumb,
Dumb with the pain of that awful "never,"
Rising and falling thro' body and soul,
Surging my blood like a storm-lashed river.

I staked my soul on your love and truth,
As a god might have done, grand and divine;
Ah! what a heaven this life would have been,
Joined together, your soul and mine.

Back to the World

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

THE cows absorb her attention, and she walks fast in order to get nearer to the young man for protection. She is soon half-way across the field, rustling through the soft tall grass, the lovely evening sunlight casting long shadows astant the hedges. With so light a step she walks that the young man, whom she easily overtakes, does not hear her coming, and walks on quite unconscious of the charming girl who is so close behind him. He certainly does not seem impressed by his reverses of fortune. He is humming a tune blithely as he goes, and noticing as he passes a score of things, such as the unoccupied heart and mind only can note.

"Hallo, madam!"

This is to a lovely old cow that recognizes him, "moos" tremulously, lowers her pretty head, and comes cantering playfully towards him.

The young girl bites her lip, controls herself admirably while one might count ten, and then cries out—

"Oh, sir, sir!"—and clasps her hands with terror.

He turns of course—sees a stranger, a woman, with an abject look of despair on her face, and takes in the situation at a glance.

He makes a plunge at the cow, slaps her sleek sides vigorously, but kindly, finds a small apple for her, as if by magic, in the pocket of his shooting-jacket, sends her to the right about, comes back smiling, and says—

"It's all right. I'm sorry you were frightened; but she knows me, and will always run after me. You're not very frightened, are you?" he adds earnestly, for she is pale and agitated.

He thinks it is all alarm, but it is not. A thousand conflicting thoughts and emotions are hers as he addresses her, and she replies faintly—

"No, sir, thank you!"

But the tears have rushed into her eyes and she looks at him—though she does not know it—with an imploring, deprecating look. And he looks at her with sudden and complete admiration of her loveliness.

Silently they walk on side by side. Presently, when they reach the kissing-gate, she falls back and he goes on. As he passes through it and turns to close it, he sees that she too is coming through.

"This is private," he says gently. "Where did you wish to go? The right of way is more to the left."

"I am going this way, sir," she says, blushing. "I am Dorcas Hailing, Mrs. Ffolliott's new maid."

He stares at her with something like dismay; then he opens and shuts the gate for her.

"I am very glad you have come. My mother expects you. If you go down that path behind the laurels, you will come to a side-door. Somebody will be there, I dare say."

She thanks him, and walks on with a violently-beaten heart. She has burnt her ships! And he stands looking after her, with a flushed face.

"Good heavens," he says aloud, "what a lovely creature!"

She has turned to the right. He turns to the left through the shrubbery, a path which will take him to the front of the house and the lawn and flower-garden. He has scarcely gone twenty yards when he hears a violent peal of a bell—sharp, sudden, and loud.

"Why, that is mother's!" he cries, and sets off at a run. "But she never rings like that."

He is right. It is that very bell that calls his brother and Miss Champneys suddenly up-stairs in the midst of their conversation. They reach her room, of course, sooner than he does, for they have not so far to go.

They find her in a sad predicament. There is a cry "Oh, poor darling!" and forthwith they rush to her assistance.

She—everybody's darling, gray-haired and aged before she is fifty, weary and faded with long years of physical and mental suffering, but still lovely because of her sweet patience—has just recovered from one of her frequent attacks of illness.

This last one has been six weeks of acute rheumatism, and she has not yet regained the use of her limbs. She has fallen accidentally half out of bed, and lies with her feet caught in the bed clothes and her poor tortured body across a high-backed chair that stands next to the bed, at which she is frantically clutching, with a piece of broken bell-rope in her hand.

"Oh, mind, mind!" cries Miss Champneys; for, alas, she is not now strong enough to lift her dear old friend in her arms and lay her back on her pillows, in the right place, without the dragging and pulling which are such torture to the invalid.

Dick is strong enough and willing enough, but he is one of those men who is unfitted for the sick room. He puts an arm round his mother, violently energetic and eager, and she winces, poor thing!

Miss Champneys, always correct theoretically, gives hurried directions in a peremptory way which only serve to flurry both mother and son, and which he at least audibly resents.

"Good heavens, Salome, do let me get my arm round her neck!"

"But—bless the lad—make haste then!"

"He is doing his best, Salome. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Does that hurt you?" cries Dick, aghast. He is lifting her all wrong. He is crushing her arm, and he is giving no support to her aching neck or back. She shuts her eyes and moans. This unnerves him. He cannot bravely accept the fact that hurt her he must, and that therefore delay and indecision are worse than useless.

He hesitates and stumbles, and the stumble becomes a stagger, the result of which is that he suddenly and forcibly sits down in the very chair from which he has just lifted her, and she catches at the bed-clothes and screams.

"Good gracious, you'll upset her!" cries Miss Champney.

"She screams if I touch her," says Dick, ready to cry.

"Salome, push me up up somehow. I can't bear it—make haste!" says Mrs. Ffolliott faintly.

"I'll ring for somebody!" Miss Champneys cries.

Somebody in the doorway says—

"One moment, Miss Champneys. Let me try."

"Oh, it's Bryan!"

What a world of relief there is to all three in the mere sight of him! He takes his mother in his arms without hesitation, saying quietly—

"I'm afraid I must hurt you, dear, a little. Never mind—give a good scream or two! Salome, the pillows, please—shake them up! Just take that quilt away, Dick, and untuck the bed-clothes—untuck them there at the foot, man! Take care, Dick—you're in my way! There, dear—how's that?" He has placed her in a position which seems comfort itself to her. "Why, what a brave young woman you are!" he says, kissing her. "I expected to hear a succession of shrieks!"

But she cannot answer him. She can only murmur—

"My Bryan—my Bryan!"

"It's just a little way he has," Dick says ruefully.

"There's no doubt about that!" cries Miss Champneys. "I don't think, Sir Bryan, I have had the honor of seeing you before to-day, have I?"

"Have you not? Pardon me, madam—your most obedient! How d' do, Salome?" Sir Bryan says cheerfully.

"Yes, it's a little way he has, Dick, of not thinking of broad beans when he has green pease to sow."

Mrs. Ffolliott smiles, though she says, "Oh, Salome, come!" and holds out her hand to her second and rather angry-faced son.

"Are you going to the Rectory, my dearest?"

"Presently—when Sally has quite finished being funny at my expense."

These passages of arms are frequent between Dick Ffolliott and Miss Champneys. Nobody notices them, because the combatants enjoy them; but to day Mrs. Ffolliott can see that Dick is not pleased, so she changes the subject by volunteering to explain to them how it was she fell out of bed.

Her ball of wool fell upon the floor; she did not like to ring for some one to pick it up, and fancied she could hook it with her crochet hook. She tried to do so, and lost her balance, and she was really exceedingly sorry to have been so foolish, and she was afraid she had frightened everybody very much.

At the close of this explanation her younger son observes feelingly—

"How very annoying! I've a spot coming at the end of my nose!"

Bryan is reading a letter which has just been handed to him, and is giving it his best attention; so Dick goes on—

"Well, you must ring when you want things. I'm sure I'm always very glad to be of use."

"But, dear, you are not always here, are you?"

"You ought to have an attendant. I've said so all along. Alice, my love," puts in Miss Champneys.

"Yes, Salome; and I have engaged one. She ought to be here now. Bryan wrote to Mr. Duncombe to say it was all satisfactory."

"What did Bryan do?" asks the Baronet, as he finishes reading the letter and folds it up.

"You wrote to Mr. Duncombe, did you not?"

"Oh, by-the-bye," he exclaims—"I forgot to tell you—your new maid, Dorcas Hailing, has come!"

"Come," cries Miss Champneys, jumping up from her seat—"and Mrs. Dawson hasn't told your mother! Who saw her?"

"I did," says Sir Bryan.

"Oh! Well?" interrogates Miss Champneys.

"Well?" he says, looking round. "Well, she's come, I say!"

For all the airy indifference of his manner, he looks betray that the arrival of this new maid does not give him unmixed satisfaction. Miss Champneys and Mrs Ffolliott exchange a look of dismay.

"She won't do, Bryan. I can see it in your face," his mother says.

"She's a part fine lady—eh, isn't she?" Miss Champneys asks.

"She squints perhaps, and has cork-screw curls and a red nose?" cries Dick.

"No," Bryan says slowly; "it's much worse than anything you've said—worse than anything you will think of, mother!"

They all speak at once.

"She wears a wig!" "She is fast-looking, and paints!" "She has given warning already!" "The establishment is too insignificant!" "She's quarrelling with Stebbings!" This is a flight of the imagination, for gentle, nice-mannered Stebbings cannot say the regulation "Bah!" to the proverbial goose! Bryan smiles again.

"You're all wrong," he says. "I will tell you what she is—she is lovely!"

Mrs. Ffolliott, Miss Champneys, and Bryan look instinctively at Dick; and this unanimity of theirs results in a simultaneous burst of laughter. Dick does not laugh; he only turns very red and shrugs his shoulders.

"Oh, but your brother has found out a very pretty girl of his own! I spied at her with your glasses, Alice, my love, before I came up. She's setting her cap at him. She means to preserve him for herself, and she's going to do it by icing him!"

Dick elevates his eyebrows.

"You are very funny, Sally, my dear, but I really must go and adorn myself for the lawn-tennis struggle at the Rectory. Good-bye, mother. Are you coming, Bryan? No? Miss Champneys, good day to you;" and he walks out with a very fair assumption of annoyance.

"We really must try to remember that he isn't a boy now," says his mother. She often says that, in the hope that Miss Champneys will heed; but she has not heeded as yet.

"I'll be bound he has gone to see that girl!" cries the Rector's sister.

"Oh, Salome, no!"

"Anyhow, shall I go down and see about her? You will receive her after she has rested—will you?"

"I will ring. Thank you, Salome;" and Miss Champneys disappears.

"I thought she was going to Brighton?" remarks Sir Bryan. "Why didn't she go?"

"She is going to Brighton," his mother says. "I wish she would not be quite so plain with Dick; she really does forget herself sometimes."

"My dear, remarks her elder son, with more decision than is usual with him when addressing her, "I do hope you will never say anything to her about it. At least, he is a little afraid of her frankness. She has some influence over him in that way."

"Bryan, I am sure you have a great deal of influence over him!"

"I? Oh, well, you see, as you say, he is no longer a boy! He is twenty-three, and there is barely three years difference between us; and, in order that, when I do speak, he may see his way to listen to what I say, I speak very seldom. I can assure you one requires no end of patience and self-control to help Dick, without offending him, out of all his various little muddles."

So far this speech is brotherly. Not quite so brotherly is the half-smothered "Confound them!" that followed.

But Mrs. Ffolliott never hears this sort of

murmur. She knows that such is the only relief her patient son affords himself. She changes the conversation.

"And where have you been, Bryan, to-day?"

"Where have I been? Well, I went over to Springmere; and they are all very well. And I went on to Beckingham; and the Earl has the gout again. Let me see—Mrs. Thingamy—what's-her-name?—Joyce—has bought a new pony-carriage, and her old pony is too large for it; and she wants me to buy it. She kept me a quarter of an hour by my watch telling me what a wonderful animal it is; but I didn't buy it. And she has the face-ache; and what's that stuff you recommend old Harcourt?

Then I saw Colonel Mangow, who has shot a bittern in the marshes; and he has sent it to London to be stuffed for you; and I said you're very much obliged—or would be. And the girl, his daughter, had a yellow gown, or frock, or dress on. She was—hideous! And you were right—King Hal nearly pulled my arm off. He doesn't want rest; he wants more riding than I can ever give him. He ought never to have the saddle off his back. Never had such a horse! The roads? Oh, well they're decent! But that old brute Johnson has not mended his palings down by the mill yet. It's disgraceful; and I shall have to speak pretty strongly about it.

Whom did I meet? Well I met Peters, and nodded; and I met that bland fat man, Hall Candish, and I didn't nod; and I met Lady Harriet cantering wildly along the Beckingham levels, and I took off my hat to her, and we exchanged a gracious smile; and, of course, half a mile behind her, I met old Bruggs struggling after her on that fat white old cob he rides, and I nodded to him, and he touched his hat and winked—he had the sun in his eyes.

I've left the most important piece of news to the last. I hear that the new owner of Fladden is expected to-day."

"Bryan, pray don't call him the new owner of Fladden!"

"The new tenant, then, mother. It's much the same thing," her son says, gently. "And at the end of twenty-one years I shall be, I dare say, in much the same state of impecuniousness as I am in now."

"Let us hope, dearest," his mother begins eagerly.

The handle of the door turns, and Miss Champneys says from outside, "May I come in?" and comes in forthwith.

"My dear," she cries, looking the very picture of consternation, "this is really most unfortunate! You'll not be able to keep her, Alice. What could Mr. Duncombe be thinking about? She's alarmingly good-looking. She'll be Mrs. Richard Ffolliott before any of you know where you are!"

"Oh, but I shall have something to say to that!" exclaims the susceptible one's brother. "How do you know that she won't be Lady Ffolliott by this time next week?"

"Well," cries Miss Champneys, laughing, "I shouldn't wonder at all!"

"You will admire her immensely, mother! I myself think I never did see so lovely a creature. Well, I must go now and write the answer to that letter. Where is it? Oh, here!"

"But, Bryan," his mother says anxiously, "you're joking, of course? For goodness' sake don't follow Dick's example, and go falling in love with her yourself!"

"I'm afraid it's done," he says—laughing—"from an artistic point of view, you know;" and then he bids Miss Champneys good-bye, and goes out with a final nod and smile at his mother's look of horror.

CHAPTER IV.

If the inmates of Dower House were to be asked for an account of the last three summer months, since Dorcas Halling has been with them, they could easily give it by describing the doings of any one day from out that period.

Nevertheless; although nothing remarkable appears to have happened, there has been a great change.

Mrs. Ffolliott is better in health, partly because of the lovely warm weather, partly because her new attendant, Dorcas Halling, has helped her with her admirable nursing, has amused her with her intelligence and liveliness, and has charmed her with her tender ways.

With Mrs. Ffolliott, whose little personal world is bounded by the four walls of her own room for at least six months out of the twelve, there is a gentle folding of the hands, a sigh of perfect contentment, and a very agreeable degree of excitement in the frequent discovery of yet more and more good qualities in her new maid.

As for the faithful ones, Mrs. Dawson, the cook and housekeeper, and two other maids, Stebbings and Selina, they are so far from resenting her influence over Mrs. Ffolliott as to fall straightway under it themselves, and undoubtedly to pay her a high compliment when they say, "Oh—she? She's one of our sort!"

"No, Mrs. Dawson; pull my hair out at the roots in order to gratify your fancy in hair-dressing I will not! Don't you see that I could no more alter the wave of it than I could alter the shape of my nose? Is there anything about my nose you would wish me to alter, Mrs. Dawson? Besides, don't you know that decorousness of appearance is not to be compassed by a mere attention to externals?"

"Dear me, my dear, how you do run on!" cries Mrs. Dawson, sipping her tea—Dorcas and she take all their meals together in her own comfortable room, where also Dorcas sits when not up-stairs with her mistress. "Have you washed your lady's blond lace, by-the-bye?"

"Why, no!" says Dorcas, smiling. "But I have 'revived' it, as your old book suggests, by breathing heavily upon it and well shaking it. Do you think that would revive you, if you needed reviving? That book of yours is a treasure, Mrs. Dawson; it has given me greater pleasure than I can well express. Listen to this—it is a recipe for a quiet little dance—'The gentleman takes the lady's left hand with his right, moving one bar to the left, by *glissade* and two hops on his left foot; while the lady does the same to the right,' &c. Now wouldn't you think that would have the effect of separating them for ever? And yet they are to hold each other's hand. Do you think it would amuse Mrs. Ffolliott if we were to learn it, you and I? I'll be the gentleman. Come along, come along, Mrs. Dawson—let us rehearse it!"

How is Mrs. Dawson to do anything but laugh and pinch the smooth, white chin, and call her "that blessed sunbeam" behind her back?

And up-stairs, Mrs. Ffolliott, lying on her couch in her pleasant drawing-room, with its old-fashioned chintz-covered furniture, with odd lengths of Indian matting here and there where the carpet is most faded, a few rare old china plates and jars with dried rose-leaves in them, her books, her knitting and her sleepy little terrier—is it not a great comfort for her that her good old friend Mrs. Dawson, who is a great deal more severe than she is herself, has at last met with a young girl who is not "a flighty young simpleton," and yet is as cheerful as the proverbial cricket where cheerfulness is desirable.

What can be better than the quietness of her manner towards the indiscreet Dick? What can be happier than her delicate appreciation of the discreet Sir Bryan? For, distantly respectful as she is to both, is she not so with a difference?

Mrs. Ffolliott's wardrobe is carefully looked after and added to in the matter of stylish caps.

"Child, I shall never be able to wear that!"

"Why you look lovely in it, ma'am!" cries Dorcas—and it is not flattery; the wan cheeks and the faded hair have a charm of their own.

This same gray hair is tenderly brushed; her tea and her medicines are unfailingly remembered and brought to her at the moment; her needle-work is cleverly forwarded; her favorite books are read to her in a voice that is music itself.

Little more is needed of Dorcas, but what is needed is done with a hearty good-will.

And, moreover, she seems to have brought good luck with her. She arrived on the same day as the dreaded new master of Fladden.

And they think themselves almost as fortunate in respect of their tenant as in respect of Mrs. Ffolliott's new maid.

He is in truth most quiet and inoffensive in his doings. He has invited no horde of strange guests to upset the sweet serenity of Fladden's peaceful ways; he has "improved" nothing, altered nothing.

Even the old ivy-clad turret at the east end of the building, which everybody felt sure would be cleaned and renovated, is unmolested and left to the spiders and owls, as it has been ever since these later and impecunious Ffolliotts took possession of Fladden Hall.

The old furniture is not packed away in lofts to make room for new; the pictures hang in the same places. The old people who were in charge of the house while it was unlet—old Fladden servants—have been kept on.

He has given no parties, accepted no invitations; but he has been generous in money, in flowers and in fruit to his neighbors, according to their stations and needs. He is just, and something more, to his tenants in the Fladden cottages.

He is a friend to the poor and the sick; and, if he is not beloved, it is because he is not Sir Bryan. Respected he is, and the cause of much thankfulness.

And how briskly he has set the paint-pot and whitewash and beams of wood and bags of big nails at work! He appears to have a perfect mania for them everywhere, except at the Hall itself, which he seems afraid to touch.

And how discreet he is in the permission to fish, also to "shoot over" his property—as discreet as the most tenacious owner could possibly desire.

Therefore, if he is a little eccentric, keeping himself to himself and not mixing kindly with his surroundings, they may deplore it, but they cannot justly condemn it.

It is towards the close of a lovely September that the first tiny cloud shows itself in this serene social sky. The cloud is Dick Ffolliott.

He issues forth resplendent in white and blue flannel one afternoon from the Red House.

He wears a light-blue hat, which he has knocked into a becoming crookedness as carefully as a girl might have done, and he has the racket presented to him by four or five sisters in one family with whom he is given to play lawn-tennis, and who all think they love him very much. In the garden he runs against Dorcas Halling with a basketful of fruit for her lady and a great bunch of roses.

It is a narrow pathway, and he plants himself deliberately before her, so that she cannot pass; nor can she, of course, wave him aside as she would like to do, with a murmured "Pardon me," and go on her way.

"How lovely!" he exclaims, pretending to bury his nose in the bunch of roses, which one immediately gives into his disengaged hand. "How lovely!" he repeats, looking hard across the flowers at her.

"Very lovely, sir!" she agrees politely.

"And it's a beautiful day too, isn't it?"

"Very, sir."

"Now, Dorcas!" he exclaims patiently.

"Sir!" she answers.

"There, there! What on earth do you keep on calling me 'sir' for?"

She does not repeat the offence; but she looks perfectly mystified.

"I notice you don't call Sir Bryan 'sir' nearly so often as you do me."

"Don't I say 'Sir Bryan'? I haven't noticed, sir, I'm sure," she says, with a successfully-indicated and successfully-smothered yawn.

"And you don't yawn when you speak to him," says Dick quickly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Richard, I'm sure! It's the sun, I think."

"Oh, pray don't—pray don't beg my pardon!",

"Might I pass, Mr. Richard? My mistress will be waiting."

"She's asleep on her sofa, Dorcas."

"Sir!"

"I am going to make you indignant; but I can't help it. Did any one ever tell you—point blank, you know—that you are marvellously pretty?" asks Dick.

As he says the last two words, she looks up with the faintest shadow of a smile, which dies away as she meets his ardent gaze, and leaves her face with an expression of complete and total indifference to the subject in hand or any other subject; and she says, not too quietly, but with something of wearied impatience—

"Oh, well, yes, sir! I've been told sir; but I never take any notice. I suppose it's meant for politeness."

She does not flush, she does not lower her eyes; she looks neither gratified nor angry.

He is amazed and disgusted; so he gives her a look of combined admiration and reproach and goes his way. If he could only know her thoughts as she looks after him! If he could only see her mischievous delighted little smile!

"Dear, dear me! What a wonderfully good-looking, conceited young noodle it is!"

Sir Bryan stands in the doorway through which she must pass—by accident, for it is a side-doorway.

He is reading a newspaper, and, though he moves a little to let her pass, and says, "Good morning, Dorcas," he does not look at her or speak until she has passed, and then he exclaims—

"Dorcas, one moment, if you please," and goes a step or two towards her. "Mr. Ffolliott stopped you just now, and prevented you from passing him. I am sorry to say that he is at times rather thoughtless. If he should venture to annoy you again, will you be good enough to tell Mrs. Ffolliott or myself, and I will speak to him?" And then, with an inward fervor that reveals itself unmistakably in his wrathful face, he adds mentally, "And punch his head for him!"

"Mr. Richard's foolishness is not likely to disturb me, Sir Bryan, thank you. I quite understand him."

All at once she is crimson. The thought strikes her—Can Sir Bryan be trying to nip in the bud any little blossoms of hope that may have been implanted in her heart by his brother's evident admiration of her?

The thought is such a very disagreeable one to this proud young woman that tears of actual consternation rush impetuously to her eyes; and Sir Bryan takes them for tears of anger at his interference.

"I am very sorry I hurt your feeling!" he exclaims. "I quite know that—that you can take care of yourself; but I thought——"

"But I can't take of myself, Sir Bryan! And I am obliged to you. And I don't know why I am crying! I must be a perfect simpleton! If you will please excuse me, sir——"

She makes her escape and runs all the way to her own room. When she has cried however for one whole minute with abandonment and relish, and has stamped her neatly shod little feet once or twice in an unmeaning but soothing manner, she is better.

"Well, I am a simpleton! How could I be so stupid? Why should he think that? He can't think it! Oh, how I do hate all young men—hate, detest, and abominate them, the conceited Tom Noddys!"

She is better after this. She smiles at her own impetuosity, takes up her basket of fruit when she has dried her eyes and smoothed her hair, and prepare to go down stairs. On her way she passes her mirror, and smiles once more at her own flushed face.

"By-the-way, my love," she says, shaking her head at herself, "keep to the strict truth! You do not hate, detest, and abominate all young men. You do not, for instance, hate, detest, and abominate Sir Bryan Ffolliott!"

CHAPTER V.

Dick Ffolliott has gone on his way, troubled with no misgivings. As far as any deep-laid plans or intentions go, he is harmless enough—he has not any. He wishes good to everybody, man, woman—particularly woman—and child. And he is content with admiration; that is why he pays compliments, by word or by look, to every woman he meets or sees.

And his success is very considerable, though it is true perhaps that at Westray and Fladden there may be an abnormal number of foolish maids and matrons and an abnormally small proportion of attractive youths.

In the case of Dorcas he has hitherto been like the baffled sportsman, and she the shy wild-bird or the wary trout.

Never mind about the good big bag he has already; never mind about the beautiful fish that are floundering about at his very feet.

Fall to his gun or rod she really must. To see a flush in her cheeks, a tender glance or a tear in her eye, or to hear a quiver in her voice, is what he pines for—not because she is Dorcas, but because she is callous.

On his way to the Robertsons' lawn-tennis party, jauntily humming a tune, but by no means pleased, he meets Miss Harvest—the second girl, and only the second, who since his schoolboy years has ventured to show herself indifferent to him.

She has been away at the seaside for some weeks, and has met him by chance only twice since the day on which she settled her little account with him.

The first time she bowed distantly, not even looking at him. The second time she bowed distantly, but could not help looking at him out of mere girlish curiosity.

After that, she left Westray; but Dick Ffolliott has not found it an easy matter to get her flattering remarks out of her head.

He remembers that she has great forget-me-not-blue eyes that are so bright and limpid they are like stars reflected in water, that she has a mass of curls so golden and so wiry that they are more like those of an exaggerated wax doll than of a young girl; he remembers that her lips are soft and sweet; but, more than all, he remembers that she has said to him, "I thought you handsome." Is it to be allowed that she should alter her opinion on this subject?

He does not commit the mistake of suddenly changing the expression of his face as she approaches. He continues to look moody and ill-pleased until he is within two yards of her; then he suddenly sees her, stops, and smiles.

The effect is instantaneous. She stops also, endeavors to look haughty and sur-

prised, falls, blushes violently, and smiles too.

"I could not pass you," he cries frankly—his frank manner is a very useful little weapon to him. "Have you—will you ever forgive me?"

"Why, yes, of course! I never had malice—at least, not often. How do you do?"

"Very well, thank you—now that you've forgiven me."

"Bosh!" she says pleasantly; and some how or other the vulgar word suits her.

"You were so very severe!"

"Because you were laughing at me."

"No—really I was not. If I had said, 'I am not a market-gardener—I am Richard Ffolliott,' away you would have gone. But I wanted to talk to you. What lovely flowers you have there in your dress!"

"Yes—they grow in my garden. But you were fierce when I wanted to pay you."

"Fierce—to you! Then I deserve to be roasted alive! How do you like old Drake's cottage?"

"I don't like it; I've moved. The gray house to the left is where I am now."

"There! a regular case of the oyster-shell and the pearl!"

The young girl opens her rosy mouth to say something, but does not say it.

"Well?" he queries.

"Well, I'm sure I could make an intimate friend of you, if you would only not pay me rubbishing compliments!"

"I won't—I vow I won't. I'll keep the conversation upon your new house—I can't be complimentary then."

"It's very pretty on the garden side. There's a rivulet, and a little cascade that comes from the mill up there. No—you can't see it from here."

"That's a pity!"

"No, it isn't," she says smiling. "It's an out-of-the-way little spot, and it doesn't belong to everybody; it belongs to me!" Then, as if a sudden thought has occurred to her—"But won't you come indoors with me? I scarcely ever see anybody I really like."

"Oh, but sha'n't I——" Dick hesitates. So great is the power of Mrs. Grundy at Westray that even he, flippant person though he is, is apt to bow down before her decrees.

"What!" she asks, with one of her half-surprised, half-questioning looks.

The hesitation was on her behalf, and it does not last long. He says he should like it of all things, and with secret delight follows her through the garden gate, up the pathway, and into the house.

She leads him into a room which, though poorly furnished as simple country lodgings are, is nevertheless charming. This staid girl of barely seventeen is perfectly at home in the duties of a hostess.

The waterfall and back-garden are both inspected from a bay-window and duly admired.

Then she pushes forward a comfortable arm-chair, notices that a ray of sun falls across the place where Dick's face will probably be when he sits down in that chair, crosses to the window and pulls down a blind, and, as she passes back to her own seat, moves a distant superb chrysanthemum nearer to him. Then, seeing that he still stands, she says—

"Now no ceremony here, you know!"—and sits down herself.

They looked at each other kindly.

"What shall I give you?" she says, on hospitality intent.

Alas for natural impudence! What it costs Dick Ffolliott to swallow the very evident answer—"Well, four more kisses!" will never be known. But he does swallow it, and all he says is—

"A chrysanthemum, if you please."

"Well," she cries, jumping up, "there are plenty of them; but I don't care for them singly myself. I've two roses on this mantel-shelf, and I'll give you one. Isn't that better than a chrysanthemum?" she asks, holding it out to him. "This morning, as I put them in that little glass, I said to myself, 'This rosebud is just like Mr. Ffolliott.'"

"In what way? And you still think so?"

"Yes," she says, with one grave comprehensive glance to each—man and rosebud—"yes, it's dark, and handsome of its kind, you know; and its so strong. It's a slender sort of bud—not podgy, is it—and yet it's strong. You might bang it down on the floor, and when you picked it up, it would be all there. I always think you look as though you could do lots of work; but you only like loitering about and lawn-tennis, do you?"

She says this as soberly as if it were not the most rude remark she could make to a stranger, and as if it were a mere recurrence to an old subject of dispute between them.

"If it's so like me, I won't have it," he says, with happy good temper.

How she must have been noticing him!

"What would happen to this other one—allow me"—he rises to take it out of the glass—"if one were to bang it on the floor?"

"That? Well, it's a flimsy sort—it would go to pieces."

"Like you?"

"Like me? Oh, my! Why, dear me, no! I'm as tough as an old walnut. What makes you fancy it's like me?"

"Because you are so—— I forgot; I must not. Well, because this gray house is so very white and fair, and yet it has such a lovely pink flush on it. May I have it?"

"Oh, dear me, certainly!"

"Thank you; but won't you give it to me? Won't you fasten it into my jacket?"

"Then you must have both—the dark one because I like it, the light one because you do."

While she is deftly arranging his boutonniere, their thoughts start from the same point, and evidently reach very different goals.

His do not wander far afield—from the blooming Hebe-like face before him to another, graciously, divinely serene and fair; the first, however, being present in the flesh, occupies a far larger share of attention than the mere memory of the second. He is wondering whether it would be an utterly unpardonable thing suddenly to snatch roses and all to his manly breast, when she speaks—and evidently her own thoughts have not been confined to things sentimental.

"You didn't say what you would have? Shall I get you some beer?"

Of what use is it to look sweetness unspeakable to such a young lady as this.

"Oh," he says feebly—"er—do you drink beer?"

"No. But don't you? What I love is lemonade," she explains.

Could anything be more baffling? He wonder whether it would be of any use to sigh and ejaculate, "Happy, happy lemonade!" He decides that it would not, and declines the beer, with a foolish remnant of sentimentality, and presently he reluctantly takes his leave.

It seems to him that certainly of all the girls he has ever seen this one is the strangest and the most interesting. What a delightful change from the never-ending Westray giggle and "Oh, Mr. Ffolliott, how can you?"

When, an hour or so later on, after playing several games of lawn-tennis in the Robinsons' lawn, he and the other players and lookers-on sit resting, drinking the orthodox half-cold tea and prattling, he pricks up his ears on being asked—

"Have you ever met our extraordinary Californian?"

Mr. Ffolliott does not know. Has he? He is engaged, the third Miss Robinson remarks to herself, in balancing his teaspoon on the edge of his cup in far too careful a manner for an unoccupied mind.

"What," cries one of the party—"not the girl that says 'Come on then!' and takes young men for rowing excursions in her boat for hours and hours, bewitching them with backwood songs—this sort of thing—

"'Come hither to the sandy desert springs,
Where the sweet shy moa has lately fled,
With cooing soft and low,
And many a love lorn boomerang flits careless to and fro,
And the cassowary sings!'"

There is a general laugh.

"Oh, but you said 'California'! You're mixing up Australia—no, New Zealand! Where does one find moas—eh?" cries somebody.

"One doesn't find them. And there are no rivers or boats in deserts generally. I fancy she's American," answers another somebody.

"Oh, well, they have rivers that all float boats!"

"Fancy the Lorelei of the great St. Lawrence, or the Mermaid of the Mississippi!"

This is all very interesting to Dick Ffolliott—perhaps the talkers do not know how interesting.

"That's what happened to our cousin Algernon," says a very young girl with a most modest face and an exceedingly *outre* hat, all huge feathers, and tilted on one side. "She took him for a row by moonlight; and now she never speaks to him—cuts him. Why? We all heard that she said he was a conceited young idiot, and brainless!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRIGGS—"Well, old man, you seem to be whooping it up a good deal to-day." Boggs—"You bet, I'm celebrating the fourth." Biggs—Aint you a little late?" Boggs—"Nope; born last night."

ASKED FOR INFORMATION.—A young barrister was once smartly set down by a judge who readily grasped the points of even a complicated case, and who could not endure that time should be wasted. The novice poured forth argument after argument into the unwilling ears of the judge, who tried in vain to put an end to him. In this instance he was overmatched. The enemy had always some fresh point to open out, and, of course, it must be listened to before it could be refuted.

At length he mentioned one which the chief said he would at once refuse to hear discussed: it ought to have been taken in the court below.

"But, my lord, I did take it in the court below, and the judge stopped me!"

The chief revived. He looked forward over his desk, and said earnestly to his persecutor—

"Do you really mean to say, sir, that he stopped you?"

"Yes, my lord—he really stopped me!"

"Did he?" said the chief. "You would oblige me by telling me how he did it; the process may be useful to me in future."

THE ELEPHANT.—A magazine writer eulogizes the intelligence and amiability of the elephant which, he says, has a heart, though the way to that organ may be through the stomach, and its affection dependent on offerings of oranges, pine-apple rinds, and other refuse of fruit.

An elephant employed in Ceylon in building a huge stone dam to close up a river and thus form a lake was one of the sights of the place. He first of all drew from the quarry the huge stone which was to be used; he then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to push it with his forehead along the narrow stone wall or embankment until he fitted it exactly into its place.

On the one side of this wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was pushed by his forehead, it would at one time incline to the lake, at another towards the precipice, but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing the work of ten men, and with the accuracy of a skilled mason.

One day, when he was at work, a bystander asked if he would take up a large sledge hammer lying on the ground and break an enormous rock close to it.

The officer in charge of the work said this was asking too much, but the mahout who heard the conversation replied gravely, "Bombera can and will do everything she is asked."

He then said something to the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather, and knocked the stone to pieces.

"Now take your pipe and smoke it," said the mahout; upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it.

Another elephant, also employed in moving stones, performed of his own accord a most intelligent act. He was carrying a large and heavy stone down a deep declivity, and, as the chain was somewhat long, the stone struck repeatedly against his knees. He stopped, made what the sailors call a bight of the chain, and, having thus shortened it, carried the stone to its destination without further discomfort.

AT COURT.—Very early rising is the order of the day at the German Court. The Empress William always breakfasts alone with her husband, and even if he has to be on active service at early dawn she never fails to appear. Lunch is an unknown meal; as a foreign custom it is abhorred by the Emperor. He clings to the burgher midday dinner at one o'clock, and clings to it so strenuously that even Court dinners are now held at this most inconvenient hour. French cookery and French names upon the *menu* card are both equally forbidden. At five the family partake of tea, and after an early and frugal supper the couple retire to rest at about the hour their grandmamma of England rises from her dinner table. In the afternoon they often walk, drive, or row together, in company with their boys, to whom the Emperor is devoted.

COINING A JOKE.—"Coining" jokes is a very common figure of speech, but there is also an instance in which a joke was actually coined—that is, struck from a graven die, and issued from a legal mint. The fact is historical, and is as follows:—

In the year 1679 the Danes advanced with a large force upon Hamburg, but after a siege of considerable duration, seeing but little hope of ultimate success, they finally withdrew and marched back.

Thereupon the Hamburgers caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. On one side of the numismatic curiosity was the inscription, "The King of Denmark came before Hamburg. What he gained by it will be seen on the other side."

On the other side there was a total blank.

Bric-a-Brac.

LONGEVITY OF THE TORTOISE.—In the library of Lambeth Palace is the shell of a tortoise, brought there in 1623. It lived till 1730, and was then accidentally killed. Another in the palace of Fulham, procured by Bishop Laud in 1628, died in 1829. Tortoises are proverbial for their longevity; one at Peterborough lived 220 years.

THERE are more ducks in the Chinese Empire, says an authority, than in all the world outside of it. They are kept by the celestials on every farm, on the private roads, on the public roads, on streets of cities, and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country. Every Chinese boat also contains a batch of them. There are innumerable hatching establishments all through the empire, many of which are said to turn out about 50 000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked duck and duck's eggs constitute two of the most common and important articles of diet in China.

SAGACITY OF ANIMALS.—Plutarch, an ancient writer of great celebrity, gives the following wonderful instance of sagacity in a dog, of which he was an eye witness. Being on shipboard, he observed a dog very busy about a jar, that was apparently half full of oil, which the dog in vain endeavored to reach. However, the seamen being busily engaged, the dog took up successively a number of stones, and dropped them one by one, into the jar, when he took of it as much as he pleased! "I was astonished," says Plutarch, "how the dog could possible know that the immersion of heavier substances would cause the lighter to ascend."

CAUGHT IN THE SLING.—Some time since, while a swallow was flying about it caught its foot in a sling that was hanging from a pipe on the roof. Of course the bird got frightened at becoming an unwilling prisoner. It struggled and fluttered to no purpose, and when the poor thing was thoroughly tired it simply hung helpless by its leg. Meanwhile its sad case had roused the pity of its swallow mates, which all flocked round it from every quarter. After a good deal of twitter-talk amongst themselves, it seemed as if they had at last decided upon a plan; for presently one bird after another struck at the sling with its beak, and after half-an-hour's steady work they succeeded in cutting the cord and in setting the captive free.

PRECIOUS METALS.—Compared with some of the metals gold is a cheap commodity. It is worth $240 a pound, troy; platinum $130, and silver about $12. Nickel is quoted at about 60 cents and pure aluminum at $8 to $9 per troy pound. But barium sells for $975 a pound, and calcium is worth $1 800 a pound. Cerium is higher; its cost is $160 an ounce, or $1,920 a pound. Chromium brings $200; cobalt falls to about half the price of silver; while didymium is the same price as cerium; and erbium $10 cheaper by the ounce than calcium, or just $1,680 per pound. The wealth of the Vanderbilts amounts to nearly $200 000 000. With this sum they could purchase 328 tons of gold and have something left over, but they couldn't buy two tons of gallium, that rare metal being worth $3 250 an ounce.

HOW THE CLOCK WENT WRONG.—An old-fashioned wooden "grandfather's" clock that had belonged to a Bostonian family for generations, suddenly kept very bad time, and was sent to a jeweller's to be repaired. On taking out the works it was found that a mouse had built a nest of straw and carpet strips on the top of one of the wheels, and that this was the cause of the clock's strange conduct. The mouse had got into the clock by gnawing a hole in the back, and although the hours were regularly sounded and the works went on after a fashion, the noise and whirr had not prevented her from making her nest in such unlikely quarters. The mouse of course was gone, but she left behind four wee pink babies, which the jeweler was, oddly enough, able to befriend. For he had a guinea-pig that had just lost her young ones, and when he put the little mice into her box, she at once adopted them as if they had been her own and nursed them. And the small mice gradually grew largerg and larger, until they became so big that one day they jumped out of the box and never came back any more.

ON THE HILLSIDE.

BY SUSANNA J.

The sunshine falling like the smile of God
On a glad world beneath,
The little flow'rs that nestle on the sod,
The purple-flushing heath,

The gentle rustle of the Summer wind
O'er the gray mountain crest,
In all these some sweet solace can I find,
And still pursue my quest

For higher things; and yet, as I aspire,
I hear a voice respond,
"To love and to be loved is our desire;
There are no heights beyond."

So to endure where we have wrought in vain,
To go with tearless eyes
And serve where we had hoped in love to reign,
Is Life's true sacrifice.

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE brief but brilliant March sunset tinted the slender trunks of the larches. Beneath his feet as he walked the green primrose-leaves were piercing the soft loose soil.

Spring was coming, and the heart of the young man was glad within him, for he was an ardent lover of nature. His thoughts wandered. He began to recall memories of the gorgeous sudden burst of spring in Manitoba, when the dull stretch of prairie had flamed suddenly into life with a brilliant mass of scarlet lilies; and thence his mind travelled to the remembrance of his own bitter failure and of Edmund Ducane, the man who had ruined him.

Cuthbert had once told Olive that he was a man who never forgot—and that was very true; he could never forget either an injury or a kindness. By nature he was gentle and generous; but he did not feel merciful towards Ducane. He had a vehement desire to be revenged on such a scoundrel.

So thinking, he strode through the wood, absorbed in his meditations, until he was recalled to the present by the sudden appearance of a young man who vaulted over a paling close by and strode towards him, whistling to his dogs to follow.

It seemed really too strange to be true. Iredell suddenly halted, and a quick change passed over his face.

The young man who was approaching did not see him at first; he was watching the excitement of Nell, his fox-terrier, who had discovered a rabbit-hole. Not till the two were within a few feet of each other did the new comer perceive that he was not alone, and then suddenly he also stood still, and the two men stood face to face in absolute silence.

"Walrond!" gasped the young man at last.

"We meet again, Mr. Edmund Ducane!" said Cuthbert, in a tone of bitter contempt. "Doubtless you are as eager as I am for the wiping out of old scores. Are you ready? Then take that!"

It was a scientific blow, planted exactly between the eyes. Ducane was not prepared for it, and he went down like a ninepin, flat on his back. The sight seemed to recall Iredell to his senses; the fierce outburst of passion which had maddened him passed by; he realised that he was not his own master, and that the single blow had perhaps deprived him of what he valued more than life—his position in the Carolside household and his opportunity of continuing his investigations.

The next moment Ducane was up again, and almost involuntarily Iredell put himself into position to receive his onslaught. He knew that cowardice was not among this rogue's faults, and had seen him fight like a wild cat.

His surprise was great indeed when the young man held back, passed his hand over his eyes as if dizzy, and then leaned against a tree, his head drooping, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"What," exclaimed Iredell, trembling with fury—"won't you even return my greeting after so long a period of absence? That hardly equals your usual courteous behavior, Mr. Ducane."

"Walrond," said the other, speaking with difficulty, "don't provoke me too far. I don't want to fight you; but, if you go on like that, I sha'n't be able to resist."

"What—not fight? Will you take your thrashing quietly then?"

"No, I won't do that; but I will do something else. I will tell you that I own myself to have been scandalously wrong, and that I apologize!"

"You apologize!" cried Cuthbert, as if he could not believe his ears. "You apologise—you poor pitiful traitor! And you think an apology will wipe out scores between you and me?"

"I will do more than apologize," returned Ducane; "I will make restitution. Walrond, you must own that it is better for me now to have to recall such things; but times are changed with me. I both can and will restore all I owe you."

Iredell stood looking in speechless surprise at the man who had wronged him. He noticed his fashionably cut clothes, his massive signet ring, his air of proprietorship. He was a different being from the seedy adventurer whom he had such good cause to remember. What had happened to him? Had he married a fortune or received a legacy?

"Times are changed indeed," he said slowly at last. "It is almost incredible that I should find you here in England. Well, you were rogue enough to make one expect that you would drop into something good! What have you done—robbed a bank?"

"Don't you provoke me too far!" hissed Ducane between his teeth; then, with a sudden, almost abject change of tone, he added, "No; I have most unexpectedly come into a very large property and a title from my second cousin, the late Lord Raunsleigh."

"What," cried Cuthbert—"are you Lord Raunsleigh?"

"The same—very much at your service."

"Good heavens, are you the man who is going to entertain half the county, and to whom Cumnor will probably, if he can, marry his only daughter? Oh, ye powers! You—you a peer of the realm—you, Edmund Ducane! Well, the ways of Providence are past finding out."

Ducane looked at the ground, and dug holes with his stick in the loose soil.

"I suppose it is useless to ask you to believe anything I say," he said shamefacedly; "but I do solemnly assure you that I mean to turn over a new leaf now. Can't you believe any good of a man who has once gone wrong?"

"I haven't got over your announcement yet—the fact that you are Lord Raunsleigh," rejoined Iredell sardonically. "It is a hard nut to crack."

"I know as well as you do that I don't deserve it," admitted his lordship, in a wonderfully contrite tone.

Iredell gazed at the man before him for some moments without speaking—a contemptuous scrutiny under which Raunsleigh winced.

"What have you done with Bessie Lee?" he asked presently.

His lordship started violently, the blood rushed to his face, but he answered without hesitation—

"She is dead."

Iredell knew that the man was lying—knew it instinctively—and his lip curled with scorn.

"If she is dead, she is a happier woman than she was when I knew her," he answered. "Poor little Bessie! Poor little soul!"

Lord Raunsleigh covered his face with his hands, and there was a long pause.

"Well," said Cuthbert at last, "so the world wags. The robbed is a tutor and the robber a lord.

"A tutor?"

"Yes; I have the honor to be tutor to Mr. Cumnor's son."

"You don't say so? How very extraordinary!"

"Not more so than for you to find yourself in the Peerage instead of in gaol."

The sudden pallor of Ducane's face proved how the taunt struck home.

"You take full advantage of your hold over me, Walrond," he said; "I should not have thought you so vindictive. I believed that your character was a noble one."

"Yes! And you traded on that fact, did you not?" returned Cuthbert, with a mirthless laugh. "Of what use is an honest man if not to become a tool for a villain? Ducane, if you were in want or starving, I would have pity on you; but it is a little too much for my forbearance to see you living here in luxury—you who did not scruple to rob me of my last penny!"

Lord Raunsleigh's face was haggard and drawn; Ivy and Agnes would hardly have recognized in him the good looking pleasant young nobleman of their acquaintance.

"What do you mean? You will not have pity upon me!" he stammered. "Are you going to give Mr. Cumnor an account of my past life? Are you going to tell him of my—theft—to tell him about Bessie, and all the rest!"

For a moment Cuthbert triumphed. He saw now the meaning of Lord Raunsleigh's conciliatory attitude and abject apologies. In spite of his own poverty and the new peer's wealth, he, Cuthbert Iredell, was master of the situation.

Mr. Cumnor would scarcely care to give his daughter to such a man when he knew the circumstances of his past life—and the accusations could be easily proved. There were many men Manitoba who would gladly witness against one who had been as generally hated as Cuthbert had been beloved.

"Can you give me any reason," said the tutor, with a rather cruel smile, "why I should not tell Mr. Cumnor anything I know?"

Lord Raunsleigh made a passionate gesture. He raised his hat and pushed back his hair from his hot forehead; his eyes looked wild, his lips were dry, he seemed almost beside himself.

"Good heavens," he groaned, "you would not be so inhuman as that! With all the ugly past gone and done with, with everything promising so fair for me, would you call my sin to remembrance? Listen, Walrond! You were always a good fellow—have you not some pity left in you? I am going to throw myself on your mercy. I love beautiful Ivy Cumnor—I love her—I worship her! I would go through fire to win her. I cannot think of life without her. Would you, for the sake of an old grudge, blast all that and send me to the dogs? Think how poor I was—how I was tempted. You, Walrond, have never known the pangs of starvation; I was starving when I robbed you. The whole amount, with a year's interest added, shall be placed to your account to-morrow morning. Now tell me what you will do! I ruined you; will you in return ruin me? Is that Christian charity? Will you live happier for that? Answer me!"

During this appeal Iredell had stood apparently unmoved; but his mind had been actively at work. Why should he take upon himself to warn Gervase Cumnor of the character of his would-be son-in-law? After the marriage, not before, would be the time to speak.

When Miss Cumnor was Lady Raunsleigh, he could turn round calmly and enlighten her father as to the bridegroom's antecedents.

The deliberate cruelty of such a resolve was in reality quite foreign to Iredell's nature; but the good in him was warped, his rankling sense of injury prevented his seeing clearly.

All that he grasped at present was that Lord Raunsleigh would be a powerful ally in his proposed humiliation of the Cumnors, and he decided therefore that for a time at least he would let him alone. He turned round slowly, and looked at the excited face of the young man before him.

"In love with that little red-haired girl?" he said. "I can't believe it."

"She is lovely," exclaimed his lordship—"lovely! Are you so blind as not to see it? She is the most exquisite creature I ever beheld, and knows her own style perfectly. Good heavens, how I love her!"

"I shall not interfere with you," said Cuthbert quietly.

"Not interfere with me?"

"No—but with this stipulation. I will not bind myself by a promise never to reveal the past. I shall tell what I know of you if ever I see occasion to do so; but I will put no obstacle in the way of your marriage with Miss Cumnor."

Lord Raunsleigh looked relieved, but he was evidently doubtful.

"That is holding the sword of Damocles over my head with a vengeance," he said nervously. "You can't expect me to be satisfied with that."

"I'm afraid you will have to be satisfied with it. I have no intention of blasting your future career—I have no intention at present of speaking at all; but circumstances may arise in which I may be compelled to do so. I will not make any promise therefore, except this. I give you my word not to disclose anything without giving you due and fair warning of my intention. I have nothing more to say."

Lord Raunsleigh paused and reflected. He believed that Iredell held this threat over him only in order to keep him in subjection. He knew the man's nature to have been always benevolent and gentle; and surely, if he had meant to speak at all, he would speak now, to save Ivy Cumnor.

If he meant to allow him, Lord Raunsleigh, to marry her, no doubt he meant to keep silence altogether. Besides, time would wear away the sense of wrong. If he paid back the money he had stolen, and took care to be always polite to Walrond, he would doubtless be safe.

The threat was only a sort of surety for good behavior, and the enemy undertook to give warning before commencing hostilities. He made a virtue of necessity, and accepted the tutor's terms.

He asked for and received the address of Walrond's solicitors—bankers poor Cuthbert had none—and, it having been arranged that the two should frankly admit having known each other in Manitoba, they separated, and went each his different way home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"PAPA comes home to-day!" cried Ivy next morning, as she opened her letters at the breakfast-table.

"Oh, is papa coming home?" exclaimed Roy, pausing in his breakfast, with knife and fork upraised. "I wonder what he'll bring me from London?"

"That's rather a mercenary sentiment, old man," said Grantley good-humoredly, as he helped himself to marmalade.

There was an uncomfortable silence all round the table, which was broken only by Ivy saying—

"Dear papa—he has been away a long time;" but she did not add that she would be glad to see him.

Every one seemed suddenly constrained, as if the news were unwelcome. Cuthbert drew his own conclusions from the fact, as he had done from many a chance word which Roy had let fall from time to time. He felt a sense of tension. To-day he was to meet his enemy face to face; and the thought brought a feeling of excitement with it.

He remembered vividly the face he had seen in the hunting-field—the handsome, ill tempered, wicked face. Would Gervase Cumnor's memory serve him equally well? Would he remember Cuthbert as the man who on that eventful day had assisted his daughter at Deadman's Gully?

It seemed to Cuthbert as if life were growing exciting. His meeting on the previous day with Ducane, so totally unexpected, had stirred him greatly; and now—to-day—he would stand face to face with the man whom he longed so fiercely to see overtaken by a just and swift retribution.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Walrond?" asked Roy, regarding him earnestly.

Cuthbert looked up and smiled.

"What makes you ask that Roy?"

"You looked so funny!" returned the boy.

"Roy's notion of fun is a peculiar one," remarked Grantley, smiling quietly. "Can't say I should use that adjective myself to describe your habitual expression, Walrond."

"It is rather a pity papa comes home to-day," said Ivy to Agnes, as she gathered up her letters. "My boudoir is being turned out, and I have given orders that we will sit in the old library. Papa doesn't care to sit there."

"Can't you use one of the drawing-rooms?" asked Agnes.

"Well—no. I want the big writing table in the old library. I am going to begin to mount my photographs of Switzerland, and Grantley has promised to help me. I dare say papa won't mind; we have not sat there for a long time." She paused for a moment, leaning against the table, preparatory to quitting the room; then she added, with a smile, "I wonder what he will say to Lord Raunsleigh's invitation."

As she spoke, Cuthbert raised his head suddenly and looked at her. She noticed the movement, and turned hastily in his direction. Their eyes met, and those of the girl fell almost instantaneously. What did his look mean? she asked herself. It seemed to say to her, "Are you going to give your love to such a man as that?"

She left the room hastily, feeling ashamed without knowing why.

Cuthbert finished his coffee and rose from the table, reflecting, "What magnificent eyes the red-haired girl has! I suppose that's the great attraction to Ducane."

"By-the-bye," he added aloud to Agnes, "I had an old *rencontre* yesterday on my way back from the village. Met a man who was a companion of mine in Manitoba—a man named Ducane—and discovered to my intense astonishment that by a turn of Fortune's wheel he had become Lord Raunsleigh."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Cumnor, "that is remarkable—very strange indeed! But the world is so small nowadays, one is always hearing of wonderful meetings. Were you very intimate with Lord Raunsleigh?"

"I saw a good deal of him; but I could hardly say that we were intimate," replied Iredell evasively; and, seeing that the lady seemed inclined to question him further, he made for the door, calling to Roy to follow him.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Cumnor, when he was gone, "that's very strange, Grantley!"

"Very strange indeed," agreed her husband thoughtfully. "It would be as well perhaps to ascertain what Walrond knows of Lord Raunsleigh. You'd better do it—you're a better hand at stratagems than I am."

"I am sure I don't see how I can do it; he will not give me an opportunity," she replied. "He might almost as well not be in the house for all that Ivy and I see of him. He is a terribly reserved man."

"Very," returned the Major, as he stroked his chin meditatively—"almost too reserved, I think. He shows one so plainly that he intends to be the tutor and nothing but the tutor. Yet he is such a good fellow! Look at the change in that child already!"

"Yes, indeed—his management of Roy is wonderful; he contrives to keep him happy as well as good. Do you know—you will think me fanciful—but I see quite plainly what Ivy means by their being alike. There is something—an air, a look, an expression—the sort of thing one calls a family likeness. If Mr. Walrond took a fancy to lay claim to the Cumnor property, I believe a good many people would be ready to believe in his identity."

"I don't know whom he could pretend to be," said Grantley, laughing. "Poor Iredell left only one son, and he died of whooping-cough; so Gervase tells me. He wrote to the mother after he came into possession, offering to do something for the child, and she wrote back to say that he was dead."

"Of course I was only joking," said Agnes; "but really the likeness is very much what one calls a family likeness."

"I don't think you would have noticed it if Ivy had not put it into your head," demurred Grantley.

"I'm not so sure," answered his wife.

Meanwhile, upstairs in the schoolroom, the lessons progressed as usual. Roy mastered the mysteries of mensa, and translated into Latin various astonishing facts, such as, "The inhabitants of the islands run," "The girl is the daughter of the queen," "et cætera;" and all the time that the young fresh voice was chirruping in his ear the tutor's thoughts were far away from the boy and fixed on a desolate grave overgrown with dank weeds and grass and bearing his father's name upon the headstone.

He wrote to his mother that day, enclosing the letter in one to Miss Pierrepoint, as he always did lest a letter of his might fall into the hands of one of the Cumnors and suspicion be aroused by the name of "Iredell" on the envelope.

His letter to his lady-love was very long, and contained a full account of everything he had done, especially of his interview with Ducane.

It was not a lover-like epistle—Olive set the example of being very matter-of-fact on paper. No one would have guessed that the woman who had so passionately avowed her love on the night of the Hunt Ball was the same as she who wrote such long light letters, full of fun and clever chat, sparkling, but never tender.

Iredell took his cue from her; and so it resulted that their correspondence was more like that of two old friends than of affianced lovers. To his mother he wrote on this day—

"Who was Mary Iredell? If she was, as I guess, my father's mother, why is she buried in a remote corner of the churchyard with no inscription on her tomb? Please tell me, by return of post, all you know of my father's birth and parentage."

* * * * * *

It was a very cold night when Gervase Cumnor alighted from the train at Lavemead, and a thick clinging sea fog made everything seem chill and dreary.

The journey had been a long one, and the master of Carolside was both hungry and tired, and, as a natural consequence, irritable.

An unfortunate contretemps served to intensify this unevenness of temper. On that particular little branch line the train was invariably five minutes late, and the servant at Carolside had come to reckon upon this unpunctuality.

Therefore, being unwilling to expose his beautiful chestnuts a minute longer than was necessary to the bleak night-air, Woodward, the coachman, drove into the station yard one minute after the train was due.

By some unaccountable accident the train steamed into the station two minutes before the hour mentioned in the time-table; and so it happened that Mr. Cumnor, when he alighted upon the draughty platform, found no one there to meet him—no groom to take his luggage.

The railway officials thought it rather hard that he should accuse them for the mistake of his servants, and the station-master, thinking to calm his wrath by changing the subject, began to give him several items of news.

"Heard the latest, Mr. Cumnor, sir? The bell of St. Leonard was heard a matter of a fortnight back."

"What lying story is that you've got hold of? Who told you so?" asked the Squire.

"Well, sir, many folk heard it; 'twas heard all along the coast—pretty near as far as St. Mary Wellwood. They do say it ain't been heard for better'n thirty years."

"I never heard such confounded rubbish in my life!" cried Gervase Cumnor, his face livid. "I suppose all this has been carried up to the Hall to frighten Miss Cumnor?"

"Well, no, sir. The Major said as how Miss Ivy wasn't to be told on no account."

"The Major is the only man in England with a ha'p'orth of common sense! But how did he come to hear of it?"

"He heard it himself, sir."

"Pack of nonsense! Do I look like a fool, sir?" shouted the Squire.

"Beg pardon, sir, but perhaps you'd make bold to ask the Major yourself, sir. Him and the gentleman as is Master Roy's tutor, they both heard it as they was driving from the station the night Mr. Walrond come, sir."

At that moment the tardy groom arrived, and his master's wrath, much to the relief of the station master, was turned in his direction.

When Mr. Cumnor walked into the hall at Carolside, muttering to himself and throwing off his coat and gloves, Drew, the butler, knew at once that something had occurred to upset the master. He watched furtively and with apprehension as he picked up and arranged the various articles which the Squire had scattered around.

"Ask Miss Cumnor the reason why the servants were not at the station to meet me!" he exclaimed, as he pushed open the boudoir door.

Only cold and darkness were within.

"Beg pardon, sir, the ladies are sitting in the old library to-day," said Drew, with abject haste.

"Then why the deuce didn't you say so?" roared Mr. Cumnor, more incensed than ever.

He turned sullenly towards the door of the old library—the room which in the lifetime of his cousin Colonel Iredell he had preferred to any in the house. He never used it now—he could not bear it.

That he should have to enter it in the first hour of his return intensified his rage. His nerves had received a shock by the story of the bell of St. Leonard. With angry carelessness, he opened the door and walked in, an angry speech on his lips.

On the threshold however he started back and gasped for breath. He stood as if petrified, the color forsaking his cheeks, his eyes fixed and glassy.

The room was long, and the light of the great reading-lamp on the writing-table at the end barely filled it, even though supplemented by the glow of a bright fire. Stretched on the hearthrug was a tall slender man with very dark hair and moustache, and an expression of melancholy on his face. One arm was round the neck of a lovely boy dark-haired as himself, but with sparkling eyes and glowing face. The two had built a tower of cards on a flat block of wood, and with steady hand the young man was placing the final card.

For one moment the Squire gazed upon the two, so like a vision of the past; then, with a hoarse cry, he reeled, staggered, and fell heavily upon the polished oak floor.

"A hapoplexy—what I've always been afraid of that he would go a-working of himself up to one of these days!" said Drew, as, hearing the cry and the fall, he hurried to give assistance to his master.

Roy and Iredell both sprang up and ran to the door.

It was the tutor who, with ashen face and a strange smile on his lips, raised the inanimate form of the powerful man in his strong arms and laid him, almost without assistance, upon a couch.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all," he reflected, with a strange exultant feeling at his heart.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was not apoplexy which had attacked Gervase Cumnor.

In a few minutes he had opened his eyes and raised himself on one elbow, pushing back the heavy locks of gray hair from his forehead with a shaking hand, and glaring vacantly around him.

"Grace," he said, querulously—"Grace!"

Cuthbert, who was standing near, waited breathlessly for what would come next; but it seemed as if the sound of the name restored the Squire to himself. He shuddered, closed his eyes for a moment, and, slipping his feet from the sofa, sat up determinedly.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"In the old library, sir; you've 'ad a fall," said Drew concernedly.

"A fainting-fit," added Cuthbert quietly.

The old Squire turned his head slowly and fixed his eyes upon the young man. It was such a horrified, stealthy, wicked look that Iredell almost shuddered as he met it steadily.

Silently those two started at each other for several seconds, the child and the butler looking on in astonishment.

"Who are you?" asked Gervase Cumnor at last, in a horse whisper.

"My name is 'Walrond'; I am your son's tutor."

A look of relief softened the Squire's drawn features. He drew a long breath, and a shadow seemed to pass away from him; yet still his eyes rested half doubtfully on the tall figure before him.

"Come here—let me shake hands," he said.

Iredell approached slowly, and held out his hand. It was with a strong effort of self-control that he did so; he knew, as well as if Gervase Cumnor had told him, that the reason he wished to shake hands with him was that he might feel the warm living touch of human fingers, and assure himself that what he saw was not a phantom called up by his own guilty conscience.

Had Cuthbert Iredell been a different-looking man from what he was, the Squire would have instantly remembered seeing him on the day of Ivy's accident; but the new and powerful association of ideas, the awful shock he had received at first sight of the young man, had chased away all other thoughts and memories. It was only the strange, the fatal likeness which appealed to him.

"'Walrond,'" he said slowly—"any relation of the Walronds who used to live near here?"

"None whatever," replied Cuthbert.

The answer seemed to reassure the Squire.

"And so you are tutoring that young imp?" he said.

"Yes, papa; and he a most awfully jolly fellow!" cried Roy, unable to keep silence any longer. "I love him like anything."

"Oh, do you?" said Mr. Cumnor, looking at the boy with a grim expression of pride. "More than he does you, I'll be bound!"

"Roy and I get on excellently," declared Cuthbert.

"And, oh, papa, he can leap a gate, and climb the very tallest elm in the park, and skate; and he's going to teach me to swim; and we go such long walks, and when I'm tired he takes me on his back!" cried Roy breathlessly.

And pray when does the Latin come in?" asked his father, with a sneer.

"Oh, in the mornings; and, if I'm not good at lessons, I mayn't go out with him! I've got to the fourth declension!" said Roy eagerly.

"That sounds well," observed Gervase, addressing himself to Iredell in what was, for him, a conciliatory manner.

"He is very quick, and he is a good boy on the whole," said Cuthbert, caressing the head of the child as Roy pressed it lovingly against his tutor's coat.

The Squire looked at the two and smiled. The reaction had set in. The relief of finding that he had been alarmed for nothing was so great that his spirits rose quickly.

For the moment the illusion had been wonderfully vivid; but, now that he looked closer, the likeness was not so great. His dead cousin's eyes had been gray and soft; this man's were dark and piercing.

There was a difference in height; and the tutor lacked the erect bearing of a military man. Moreover, his whole manner was sterner and less genial.

There was a likeness, no doubt—a very strange likeness; but such things did happen—one so often heard of a peculiar resemblance.

Should he allow such a thing to trouble him? He resolved that he would not; yet in his heart he took a dislike to the tutor from that moment; for he felt that he could never look at him without being painfully reminded of the overmastering horror of that moment when he opened the library door.

But, for the present, his chief feeling was one of relief, and when, half an hour later, he came down to dinner he was in quite an amiable mood.

Every one was full of concern about the Squire's fainting fit, and, though he made light of it, Grantley was particularly anxious, as he knew it pointed to a weakness in the heart's action against which the doctor had warned his cousin some years previously.

However, he appeared so well and even jocular at dinner that it seemed as though anxiety were misplaced. Once or twice however during the meal the words he was speaking died away on his lips, and he stared fixedly, with knife and fork suspended, at the tutor, who was composedly eating his dinner. The truth was that, in some trifling habit, some little peculiarity of manner, the resemblance between Cuthbert and his father was constantly apparent.

Half through dinner, the invitation to Lord Raunsleigh's house-warming having been fully discussed, Mr. Cumnor turned suddenly and sharply upon his daughter, and asked—

"Well, have you been exercising the new mare?"

The color rushed to the girl's face, and her lips quivered.

"No, papa," she said very softly.

"I thought as much!" he rejoined, bringing his thick brows ominously together. "I have a good mind to say you shan't go to Dallithwayte until you have ridden Sylvia!"

The tears glistened in Ivy's great sapphire eyes, and she bit her lip, but made no reply.

"I really don't think she can help it, Gervase," put in Agnes quietly.

"Help it? She must help it! I know what I am about, thank you! The longer she waits, the worse coward she'll grow. I won't have it, I tell you!"

"I have lost my nerve, papa," said Ivy, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Yes, I know you have; and you must find it again! Would you believe it?"—turning to Iredell. "She was the pluckiest horsewoman in the county, but she went up to Suffolk with me for a few days' hunting this autumn, and they put her on a great brute with a mouth of iron; she was thrown, and since then she won't look at a horse!"

"It seems very natural," said Cuthbert.

"It was such a terrible accident," interposed Agnes; "she was very nearly killed. I am sure I wonder, Gervase, that you should wish her to ride again."

"I suppose that there is a difference between riding about the lanes here and galloping across country, leaping the most break-neck gully she can find!" rejoined the Squire sharply.

Cuthbert looked at Ivy, on whose face he saw the same expression which he had seen there when, mounted on Wildfire, he had looked back and realized the peril in which they both were placed. He felt that it would be cruelty to compel the girl to ride.

"It isn't exactly that I'm afraid, papa," she pleaded, in a low sweet tone. "It is a feeling which I cannot describe. The very sound of horses' hoofs makes me shudder—I don't know why."

"No, nor anyone else!" he returned. "It's a piece of hysterical folly, and it will grow and grow, if you give way to it, till you become so nervous that you'll be a nuisance to everybody!"

There was some truth in the Squire's view of the case, though there was no need to enforce it so harshly. He turned abruptly to Iredell, and asked—"Do you ride?"

"A little," answered Cuthbert. He was wishing heartily that he was not obliged to use deceit in the matter, and that he could have frankly owned from the first his share in Ivy's accident. But such a course would have been manifestly fatal to the secrecy he wished to preserve; because, though he had given the name of "Walrond" to Squire Phelps, yet every one else in the neighborhood had known him under his true name of "Iredell," and the slightest reference to the occurrence would have led to awkward results. As it was, the question as to whom had saved Ivy seemed in abeyance, and only so long as it remained so could he be certain that the secret of his identity would be safe.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.—No better foundation can be laid for life's social relations than the habit of fraternal honor and affection. The good brother will be a good citizen and a good friend. He has learned in his youth the lessons needed for maturity; he has acquired the same habit of self-control, the same tendencies to sympathetic feelings, to kind and generous actions, courteous and gentle manners, that form the essence of social happiness. In like manner, the maiden who has been a true and noble sister will be equally true and noble in her other relations of life. She has learned the secrets of influence; she has obtained the key to the human heart; and her whole life will attest the value of the experience.

AT SUNSET.

BY SUSANNA J.

As at the closing of a harvest day,
When in the distance sinks the golden sun,
He sheds on varied scenes his parting ray,
Alike on task neglected or well done;

So death, the sunset of our life, draws near,
And hours wherein we have rejoiced or grieved
Are all unseen. This only showeth clear—
The good we wrought, the work we have achieved.

Sow thy good seed, and, though its growth be slow,
A bounteous harvest yet may fill thy sales.
God is the Judge; and He alone may know
Which work shall prosper or how far it fails.

The Story-Teller.

BY A. P. R.

IT WAS a bitterly raw December day, and the two women who were sitting chatting in the green room of the Burleigh Theatre shivered a little and drew their chairs nearer to the fire as the wind went howling down the street.

"It is a miserable day," grumbled one—"and we have another hour to wait before this precious reading comes off! Why on earth couldn't Mr. Hallett have made it earlier than twelve?"

The other laughed. She was a tall dark woman of about thirty, and evidently took life a good deal more easily than her friend. Perhaps her position as wife of the manager in some measure conduced to this.

"Unfortunate Mr. Hallett!" she said mockingly. "Whatever that man does you are sure to think wrong! Confess it, Emma—you hate him!"

"Yes, I do—I hate your reserved cynical men! Now Neil Fenton——"

One of the most telling things upon the Burleigh Stage was Miss Blanche Delahoyde's laugh. She laughed now somewhat immoderately.

"Neil Fenton!" she exclaimed at last. "Neil Fenton is a charming, good-looking, silly-headed boy of three-and-twenty; and you—— Well, dear, I won't be rude, but you are certainly more than that. Now it is no good pretending to be cross"—as Emma Johnson shrugged her shoulders in disdain. "Listen to me, and I will tell you what is amusing me."

"Go on then," said Miss Johnson sullkily. "Is it anything about the new play?"

"Bother the new play!" was the rejoinder. "There is a much more interesting play going on in this theatre already, only I am not quite certain whether it is going to be a tragedy or a comedy."

Emma Johnson sat up and opened her not very intelligent gray eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked slowly.

"This," said the elder actress tersely—"you are—— Well, I will not pay such a bad compliment to your common sense, dear, as to say you are in love with this young Fenton; but, at all events, he has captivated your fancy. He, on the other hand, does not care a rap for you, but is madly in love with this new girl we engaged in October—Miss Joan Warren, who unless I am very much mistaken, has the making of a capital actress in her."

"Really, Blanche, you should pose as a clairvoyant!" sneered the listener. "And what is to be the end of it? Is she to be Mrs. Fenton?"

"She in her turn," went on Miss Blanche Delahoyde, whose non-professional name was Mrs. Gray, "would exchange numberless proofs of devotion from young Fenton for one word from Lionel Hallett."

"Nonsense, Blanche!"

"And Hallett, with the usual blindness of men, never guesses it, and cares only for his work," added Mrs. Gray calmly.

"Nonsense, Blanche—stuff and nonsense, I tell you!" Emma Johnson exclaimed angrily. "You read so much rubbish"—with a contemptuous glance at the yellow-backed novel in her friend's hands—"that you get hold of all sorts of fanciful notions. Why, Lionel Hallett is fifty, if he is a day, and Joan Warren is only twenty-two, and Hallett does not care a bit about women! You can work for him and dress for him and do all you can to please him, and it will never move him a jot, I am sure!"

"Oh, you are sure, are you?" asked Mrs. Gray significantly. "I thought there was some reason for your detesting the man! But I don't think you need distress yourself, Emma; for I quite agree with you that he is not the man to care much for any girl; and, if he did, I know he would not make love to her unless he could marry her; and he is too poor to get married, I should imagine."

"What a Sir Galahad!" ejaculated Miss Johnson, with another sneer.

But a good many years of a hard-working and not very enviable life had robbed the manager's wife neither of her kindness of heart nor of her shrewd common sense.

"He is a gentleman," she said pointedly; and then there was a rather uncomfortable pause.

Emma Johnson broke the silence by an abrupt question.

"Why don't you tell the girl what you have told me?" she asked.

"For two reasons," said Mrs. Gray curtly, shrugging her shoulders.

"And they are?"

"First, as Joan Warren has never mentioned Mr. Hallett's name in my hearing, she would naturally resent my telling her what I know; and; secondly——"

"Well?"

"Secondly, Arthur"—"Arthur" was Mr. Gray—"forbids it. Joan Warren will have a good part in the new play, and, from a business point of view, it is inadvisable that anything should happen to upset or annoy her. She——"

The explanation was cut short by a rap at the door, and Neil Fenton, with several other members of the company, entered the room.

"How are you, Mrs. Gray? Good morning, Miss Johnson!" said young Fenton gaily. "It is almost twelve, isn't it? I am anxious to hear the reading." He was a fair-haired, bright-looking young fellow, and an immense favorite with the company. "Has Miss Warren come yet?" he asked. "It matters a good deal more to her than to me of course, because the governor said she would have a good part in it, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Gray—I hope that was not said to me in confidence!"

"I don't think Mr. Gray would say much to you in confidence," was the dry response; and a laugh followed at young Fenton's expense.

Fenton never heeded it; he was welcoming a girl who had just entered.

"We were just talking of you, Miss Warren," said he. "Aren't you all anxiety to hear the reading? I have made a bet that it will turn out to be an awfully good thing. What do you say?"

"I am sure it will be good!"

The girl's voice was bright and clear, and she shook her head defiantly when a man near her suggested that Hallett was so proverbially unlucky both as journalist and a playwright that there were grave reasons to fear for the new venture.

"Then this will be his first success," she said prettily; "and I am rejoicing in advance."

"Thank you!" said a quiet voice behind her; Joan Warren turned round in dismay.

In the doorway stood a tall cynical-looking man with a clean-shaven heavily-lined face and deep-set penetrating eyes. He stood for a few moments enjoying the little pause of astonishment that followed his words, and then entered the room with a quick nervous tread.

"Thank you, Miss Warren," he repeated—"unless, of course, you knew I was there and spoke for the mere sake of gratifying my vanity. I have known that done before by would-be kind friends."

Joan Warren held out her hand with a frank smile, and spoke some kindly words of greeting; but the rest of the company merely nodded, and hastened to obey Mr. Gray's request that they would take their seats and cease talking. Evidently Lionel Hallett was no favorite in the theatre.

The manager spoke a few courteous words explaining that Mr. Hallett had written the piece with a view to the personality of each actor.

He had had ample opportunities of studying them, for he had constantly attended performances of the comedy that was then running.

The play, in Mr. Gray's own opinion, was cleverly constructed and cleverly written, and he trusted they would agree with him.

He then announced the title—"Thanks To The Law"—and begged the author to commence his reading.

Lionel Hallett read rapidly and well; and, when he had finished, there was a little burst of genuine applause.

"Capital!" "First-rate!" "Safe to take!" were some of the remarks made; while Hallett gathered his manuscript together and began speaking to the actor—a man named Martin—who had made the remark to Joan Warren as to a possible failure.

"You were quite right about my ill-luck," he said, with a grave smile; "but I think the tide will turn at last."

"And no one will be more pleased than I," said Martin genially—he could afford to be at his ease, for, as "leading man," he knew beforehand what character would be necessarily allotted to him, and he was pleased with his part.

There was a good deal of anxiety visible as Mr. Gray proceeded to give out the parts. Charles Martin was to play the hero, Neil Fenton was made happy by a more important role than he had anticipated, and the rest of the company received their parts with a better grace than was usually the case. Joan Warren was to be the heroine, and Emma Johnson an old-young lady of the Miss Tox type.

As soon as this was arranged, Hallett looked at his watch, and was hastening away with a few words of thanks to his audience, when he was stopped by Miss Johnson. Her face was crimson and her words were jerky.

"Can I speak to you in the passage?" she asked. "I will not detain you long."

"Certainly!" he said courteously; and, following her out, he shut the door behind them.

A general laugh went round the room.

"Poor fellow, I pity him!" said Martin comically. "I can imagine how she will coax and command and threaten and plead—oh, Gray!"

The manager shook his head.

"Can't be helped," he said grimly. "She is a clever actress; but she is physically unsuited for the character of Marie."

"What do they mean?" Joan asked Fenton. "Marie is my part!"

"Yes—that is just it," said the young fellow—"that is what has put Miss Johnson in such a rage. Marie is the lead, and she thinks she ought to have it instead of you. Don't look so serious, Miss Warren! It is not your fault. Come here, Mr. Gray," he added, "and explain matters to Miss Warren. She is worrying herself because Miss Johnson feels injured."

"Nonsense!" said Gray cheerily. "My dear child, the explanation is very simple. You are not perhaps so good an actress as she is; but you look the part, and she doesn't. You can understand that a big, fair matronly-looking woman would not get the character of little Bohemian Marie, can't you? But you are half Italian, and a good deal of gesture comes natural to you; you are also bright and restless and pretty. You'll look the part exactly."

Meanwhile Hallett was hurrying up the Strand.

"What a nuisance that woman is!" he thought. "And I foresee trouble ahead; for, as she can't play the one part, she won't play the other—at least, not properly. But, oh, to think that the piece is definitely put into hand! I declare I could cheer in the streets! How delighted Marie will be!"

He turned into a florist's shop as he thought of his invalid wife, and selected a Marshal Niel rose, though the extravagance rather troubled his conscience.

"But I can make up half the shilling by walking home—and this is a red-letter day," thought he.

It was a long way from the theatre to the tiny house in Camberwell; but he reached home at last, and let himself in with the latch-key, intending to enter softly and surprise those within. But for an hour or more four little curly heads had been pressed against the window "watching for father," and, before he could close the door, the children had rushed down the stairs and had reached him.

"Do they like it father?" "Father, what does Mr. Gray say?" "Fadie, has it 'ceeded?"

"Yes, yes! There, my boys, don't throttle me! Ah, my Rosebud!"—stopping to pick up the one little daughter from the midst of his boisterous trio of boys. "Has it succeeded? Yes, my darlings. Shout it out, Rosie—shout it up to mother! Say the play's all right!"

With his little girl in his arms and his boys clinging around him, Hallett went up the stairs straight to his wife's room. She was lying on the couch as usual, with the tell-tale crutches within easy reach; but the voice with which she greeted her husband was as cheerful as his own.

"It is delightful to see you back again, Lionel! And the company liked it?"

"All but one. Here is a rose, Maudie. Give it to mother Frank. I'll go and take off these wet things, and then tell you all about it."

"It is perfectly childish to behave like this," he said, on his return, "when, for all we can tell, it may be condemned the first night! But the way they took it was very good. Martin said it was the best thing he had heard for years; and Miss Warren will make a splendid Marie. No, no, boys"—as the little fellows began to clear a space upon the table—"I don't think I will work to-day! Let's have a holiday."

"Oh, father!"

"Bravo, father!"

Rosie patted him upon the back, and her brothers cheered lustily.

"Yes, there are good times coming, I think. We will earn some money, Rose, and make mother strong, and send the boys to school. And what shall you and I do? Tell me, Rosebud!"

"Buy dolls, fadie!"

Sitting there with his children clustering round him and his wife's patient hands lying in his, Lionel Hallett seemed almost a different man from the one who had so recently quitted the theatre—for he was happy.

Lionel had a nervous fear of becoming an object of pity and consideration; and for this reason very few of his business friends knew of his domestic troubles, or even that he was married.

"To hear myself pitied because I have four hungry young mouths to feed, or to have any one ask after my poor wife, would be intolerable!" he said once when, on his becoming more than usually intimate with some business connection, Maude had urged the advisability of his speaking of himself. "I don't want people to know of my home. All day long I am toiling and working and getting rubbed the wrong way, and I want to keep this place sacred. 'How is your wife? Poor thing, I hope she is better!' Just think, Maude, how I should feel—I who am so rich in my wife!"

Maude could not withstand such reason. It had never occurred to the young wife that there might be another reason for making his marriage known.

It would have required a far more worldly woman—a Mrs. Gray, for instance—to imagine that another woman, perhaps unconsciously, might yield her heart to this busy preoccupied man with the dark piercing eyes and cool sarcastic speech.

Yet Blanche Gray's hastily-drawn conclusion had been a right one. Joan Warren, young, impulsive, and warm-hearted, had raised this struggling writer to a pedestal on which she worshipped him with all the ardor of her romantic Italian nature; and, just as little Rose Hallett made her suggestion as to how they should spend the possibly coming wealth, Joan had registered a silent vow.

"I will work and work and play this part splendidly," thought the young actress; "and he will be so grateful to me that he will learn to—perhaps to love me just a little bit; for his first success shall be mainly owing to me."

* * * * * *

The weeks passed on, and the new play was in active rehearsal. March the fourth was the date fixed for the first production; and, as the day drew near, Hallett's excitement knew no bounds.

Would it succeed? Would it fail? Those were the questions that haunted him day and night.

Thanks to the enthusiasm the first reading had awakened, the actors worked with a will, in the encouraging belief that their work would be crowned with success.

Even Emma Johnson caught the contagious belief, and, to the surprise of all concerned, accepted the inevitable with a good grace, and evidently was bent upon making her part a success.

No one however worked with such amazing ardor as the young actress Joan Warren.

She began her study of Marie by adopting the unusual course of asking Hallett to explain his conception of the character.

"I don't want to do what they call create the part," she told him; "I want to understand your conception of the character, and then embody it for you."

Struck by her unselfishness, Hallett toiled day after day to make her realise the character; and his efforts were crowned with success.

Joan seemed thoroughly to have merged her own identity in that of his heroine; and she studied with such unflagging vigor that Hallett at times ventured on a remonstrance.

"It is a terribly difficult part! You will kill yourself if you go on like this!" he would say; but the girl never heeded. "I must represent Marie well," she would answer; "I will rest afterwards."

In one scene only was she likely to fail—and both Hallett and she knew it. It was in the final act, where the little Bohemian, on the point of wedding her lover, suddenly learns the illegitimacy of her birth; the sudden revulsion of feeling and the horror of the thing combined almost deprive her of her reason.

Her exit in the preceding act was bright and joyous; her entry in this was to be indicative of the conflicting emotions that held possession of her.

The scene was rehearsed again and again, until Joan was in despair; and even young Fenton was forced to admit that her last act was decidedly her weakest. Hallett alone upheld her.

"On the night itself, the lights and the music and the general excitement will help you wonderfully," he told her. "Only

learn the words perfectly. Be sure of the mechanical part, and the rest will follow of itself."

And Joan, though sorely disappointed at her own want of power, believed him implicitly.

Being brought so much into contact with Lionel Hallett had done much to deepen the girl's hero-worship; and he was so honestly grateful to her that, when they were alone, he dropped much that was repellent in his manner and showed himself at his best.

"He likes me better than he did," decided the girl, modest even in her thoughts of the wonderful happiness that she dreamed was coming to her. "He smiled to-day when I met him."

* * * * * *

The eventful Saturday arrived. A "first night" at the Burleigh is always a great event in the theatrical world; and a rumor that the new play was likely to be a big success had brought together a brilliant and representative audience. Royalty had arrived, and a well-known New York critic who had been sent over especially for the production sat smiling blandly in the critics' row of stalls.

"You will have a fair hearing of once," said Arthur Gray kindly, as the curtain rose amidst a burst of applause; and Hallett nodded in reply.

His face was as impassive and his voice as calm as ever; but his whole soul was in a tumult.

For thirty long years this man had been fighting for a place in the literary world. He had worked indefatigably; but, by a series of mischances and from an unbroken resolve not to seek favor obsequiously with the powers that were, he had sunk to the level of a publisher's hack; and, as Gray had said, this was the first time a fair hearing had been accorded him.

As the play went on, gradually growing in strength, the doubts that had been tormenting him were one by one set at rest. Martin was playing splendidly, and Joan acted as though stage-fright were a thing unknown.

As the curtain went down on the first act and a number of scene-shifters crowded on to the stage, Hallett found himself confronted by Emma Johnson.

She did not appear in the second act; and, as the others had hurried away to their dressing rooms, the two were virtually alone.

"Are you satisfied? It is going well, isn't it?" she said.

Hallett looked at her in astonishment. The actress's paint hid any trace of pallor; but her lips were twitching and her eyes were glittering.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"Ill? Certainly not!" she said, with a laugh. "How pleased all your friends will be—won't they, Mr. Hallett?"

"I have no friends in the theatre," he answered coldly; for the peculiar tone in which she was speaking both puzzled and annoyed him.

"No—not in the theatre," she said promptly; "but your home people—won't they be pleased, Mr. Hallett?"

The man looked past her, and saw the manager advancing towards them.

"Excuse me, Miss Johnson," he said, totally ignoring her question; "I think Mr. Gray is in search of me;" and he turned away.

Emma Johnson went back slowly to the green-room. The expression on her face was hardly a pleasant one, and the few words she had exchanged with the author had not tended to improve it.

In spite of her apparent submission, she had never forgiven either Hallett or Joan Warren for having taken from her what she considered to be rightfully her part; and, from the moment she knew she had failed in her endeavor to secure for herself the role of the heroine in "Thanks To The Law," she had sworn to be revenged upon her luckier rival.

Furthermore, she felt uncomfortably sure that, should Joan's impersonation be a success, she—Emma—would never again obtain the lead.

Two reasons therefore combined to render her anxious that Joan should fail. She must fail! Gradually the idea took complete possession of her. Yes—she would make her fail! But how? That was the question.

Suddenly she remembered Blanche Gray's confidence in the green-room. Joan Warren, she had affirmed, was in love with Lionel Hallett, and he cared nothing her.

Why did he care nothing for her? Was he in love with somebody else? Was he married? She would find out.

It was not long after coming to this determination that Emma Johnson had Hallett followed home. Once she knew he was married, the means of revenge would lie ready to her hand.

All the company were aware that the young actress's nerves were sorely tried by expectation on the first night, and that the doctor had foretold a serious illness unless the strain were removed.

"Fortune favors me at last!" mused Emma, as she thought of the few words that were necessary to throw the girl off her balance and so spoil the final scene. "They shall learn to be sorry they pushed me on one side, even though they will not guess the cause of her failure!"

The second act was almost over; and, as she rested in the green-room, Emma became conscious of the thunders of applause that greeted the fall of the curtain.

"It is going splendidly!" cried Martin, as the actors came trooping in. "Gray is nearly off his head with delight, and the Prince has sent round a message of congratulation."

Emma hardly listened to what he was saying.

"Where is Miss Warren?" she asked; and, on being told that she was changing her dress, Emma abruptly left the room.

Arrived at Joan's dressing-room, she sit patiently waiting while the girl changed her ball dress for a simple black frock, and then begged her to dismiss the dresser.

"I have something to ask you," she said.

"There are only two minutes before I go on," suggested Joan nervously.

She felt so overwrought by the excitement of the night that she could hardly control herself sufficiently to listen.

"It is about Mr. Hallett," added Emma calmly.

"Tell me, please," said Joan instantly; and the other continued.

"You know, my dear Miss Warren, that you are several years younger than I am, and that I have always taken a great interest in you."

"You are very kind," said the girl mechanically.

"And I cannot help noticing, as every one has noticed," went on the suave tongue, "that you are becoming very fond of him."

"Miss Johnson! I think——"

Natural instinct prompted the girl to a vehement disclaimer; but, as she glanced up and encountered the cold impassive gaze that was fixed upon her, the words died upon her lips.

The elder woman smiled maliciously as she noted her confusion.

"Don't distress yourself, child," she said coolly. "I daresay Mr. Hallett has allowed you to believe he loved you; he knew you would act Marie all the better for his sake. But I think it fair to tell you that he"—she paused a moment, watching the girl's rapidly paling lips, and then, just as the call-boy tapped at the door with the announcement, "The curtain's going up, ladies!" she finished her sentence—"he is married!"

Charles Martin was alone on the stage when Marie made her entrance in the third act. Practised actor as he was, he could not check an involuntary start of surprise. Joan Warren's eyes were widened by a look of deep distress that was pitiable to behold; the slight fragile figure, clad in the clinging black gown, seemed literally powerless as she sank into the nearest chair, and the tiny twitching hands clutched at the vacant air. Was this the girl they had all thought too weak for such a powerful scene? A Modjeska could not have conceived it better!

"Is it true? Is it true?" were her first words; and at the sound of the agonized whisper the audience, which had been startled by so splendid an entrance, settled themselves into deep silence and attention.

The scene went on. Martin was playing capitally, all were agreed; but the girl acted like one possessed. The pathetic pleading to her lover, alternated by the fits of fury in which she anathematized the memory of the dead father who had entailed such shame upon her, were alike intimitable; and the people sat in breathless admiration, watching the actress go mad before their eyes without even a suspicion of the actual truth.

"She has taken Hallett's advice," whispered her fellow-actors. "She was letter-perfect, and the excitement has given her all that was wanting."

"Her conception of madness is simply wonderful!" declared the critics; and the breathless silence was broken by uncontrollable applause.

Emma Johnson was utterly perplexed. She herself was not allowed out of the green-room; but she could see the absorbed faces of those who stood in the wings and caught their muttered comments. When she was at last summoned to the stage, she glanced directly at Joan—and that glance explained all.

The sudden shock to the girl's already overwrought nerves had supplied the one touch that was lacking, and the wonderful success of the play and the genius of the actress were due to the woman who had planned to wreck them both.

The last few minutes were occupied by Marie's death-scene—the death was caused by the poison the girl had drunk in her first agony of shame—and once more a marvellous silence fell upon the densely crowded house.

The girl was lying on the couch, the last faltering words falling from her stiffening lips, when, with a sudden convulsive shudder, she reared herself upright and pointed straight before her into space.

"I love you—so I leave you!" she said, with fierce earnestness; and then, as the curtain slowly descended, she fell helpless to the floor.

It was an unrehearsed effort, and electrified the audience. The theatre rang with plaudits and cheers, and cries of "Author—author!" resounded from all parts of the house.

"I shall take the call only with Miss Warren. She has made the play," declared Hallett, unselfish even in his triumph.

But Mr. Gray told him he must go on alone; Miss Warren had been carried to her own room—she had fainted.

So they cheered him to the echo; and, the orthodox "first night" speech from the manager having followed, the people slowly dispersed.

Never doubting but that Joan had recovered and gone home, and refusing all kindly-meant offers to celebrate the event in a champagne supper, Lionel Hallett rushed out of the theatre and home to his wife.

"Success, dear one—success at last!" he cried, as he flung himself down by her couch and kissed the wan cheeks down which the tears of joy were streaming. "Ah, Maude, it has come at last! You will get strong now, dear. Ah, you rogues!"—as four white-robed children crept softly into the room, their golden curls gleaming in the lamplight. "Don't be afraid, my darlings! It is a great success!"

"A success, father?" Rosie flew straight to his arms, while the lads hung about him in a perfect ecstasy of delight. "Tell us all about it!"

So, with his little daughter lying against his breast and his wife and boys listening with keen interest to every word, Hallett told them all that had happened that night. He and his family then drew their chairs to the table, and the long-deferred supper began.

That must have been the brightest and merriest supper-party in all London. Every one talked at once, and shrieks of laughter rang round the room as the Rosebud filled her mug to the brim with milk and water and gravely announced her intention of giving them "some toast."

"You mean a toast—the toast of the evening," put in a brother, proud of his superior knowledge.

"Go on, darling—never mind him!" called out her father; and the Rosebud raised her blue mug well over her head, and stretched the other little fat hand towards them.

"Fadie's play!" she said impressively. "His first success! Bless him!"

* * * * * *

The Monday newspapers contained glowing criticisms of the new play; to several of them the following notice was appended—

"We regret to state that the young actress who created such a sensation in the part of the heroine is at present dangerously ill. She is suffering from brain fever, occasioned, no doubt, by the arduous nature of her duties. We are however glad to add that the doctors in attendance hold out strong hopes of her ultimate recovery. There is no truth in the report that her part in "Thanks To The Law" will be undertaken by Miss Emma Johnson."

WHITE DINNERS.—"White dinners" have been introduced at fashionable Transatlantic watering-places, as colored decorations have been somewhat overdone. The china is the purest white Royal Derby, while silver and cut crystal candelabra, vases, and dishes hold respectively white candles with silver shades, snowy lilies and silvery-white bon-bons tied with white moire ribbon, which also fastens the dinner napkins. The buttonhole bouquets for ladies and gentlemen are white orchids, and white violets float in the finger bowls. White soups and meats preserve the unity of color, the darks viands being concealed in white sauces, and the white grapes and pale fruit are tied with ribbon of the same hue.

Scientific and Useful.

BAROMETERS.—A new barometer from Paris comprises the figure of a coryphee on a thick card. The skirt of the dancer is made of some gauzy material, which is sensible of every change in the weather.

NAVIGATION.—It is proposed securing knife blades to the stern bearings of steam launches for the purpose of cutting the weeds as the vessel steams along, with a view of preventing the screw from fouling.

INSECT TRAP.—A Georgia inventor has contrived an insect trap to rid the cotton and tobacco fields of moths. It consists simply of a lamp beneath which is a wide pan containing oil. The little creatures are attracted by the light, hit up against it, and down they go into the oil and perish.

A NEW BAT.—A Chicago base ball enthusiast has invented a new bat, having a well-marked curve near the end. He claims that the effect will be to produce a rotary or spinning motion of the ball in its flight to a higher degree than is now possible, and thus to make the task of catching the ball more difficult, or, holding it if caught.

SIGNBOARDS.—Waterbury, (Conn.,) has adopted an economical plan for securing new signboards on the principal thoroughfares leading into the place from the adjoining country towns. The select men have authorized an advertising agent to erect thirty-six of these boards, on the condition that the town is put to no expense. The agent has sold the advertising space on twenty-four of the boards to two merchants.

CALICO-PRINTING.—In calico-printing the dye-stuff solutions are mixed with a thickening, starch, paste, gum-tragacanth, and, if necessary, a mordant, and applied to the fibre by means of printing blocks or rollers. Then usually follows steaming, whereby the dye stuff and mordant are caused to penetrate the fibre and combine with it. When albumen is employed, the albumen, which at the beginning is soluble coagulates by the steaming process, and in this state holds the dye-stuff fixed upon the fibre.

Farm and Garden.

SOME farmers consider certain marks in a cow as indicating her quality as a milker, but a far better guide is to weigh her milk regularly. That tells the story without any guess work, and tells exactly what every owner ought to know.

WASTE LAND.—It will be time to reclaim the waste places of the earth when the already cultivable ones are made to produce full crops. The work before us is to make the most of what we have instead of hunting for more.

WEEDS.—Throwing weeds to the pig pen, in order to make manure, is an old custom, but weeds that contain seeds should be destroyed in some other manner. It is from the manure heap that weeds are hauled out and spread on the farm, in the shape of seed, and especially from the pig-pen.

CREAMERIES.—Co-operative creameries are of great benefit to dull, backward, unenterprising neighborhoods. It infuses life and thought into them, and sociability to some extent. It incites to greater care of live-stock and also to keeping more stock. It relieves women of a vast deal of drudgery.

PRODUCTIVENESS.—The average productions per acre of land can be largely increased, and by high farming, with every foot of ground made to yield to its fullest capacity, the productions in this country would equal those of China or Japan, where all farms are but little larger than our gardens.

INSECTS.—There is nothing so effective for destroying insects as buhach, dalmatian, or any kind of fresh insect powder, though it is somewhat expensive compared with other insecticides. It is a certain remedy for the attacks of the cabbage butterfly, and destroys rose-bugs if applied frequently. As it is now being grown extensively in California, it will no doubt be cheaper in a few years.

LABOR OF PLOWING.—In all such matters the labor is the first consideration, and no farmer will plow twice if he can make one plowing suffice. But this work should be balanced by the saving of labor later on, in the destruction of weeds at the first plowing, the better condition of the seed-bed for wheat, the cleaner the field of wheat in the spring of weeds, and the greater the yield by the larger amount of plant food rendered more available, due to the stirring of the soil and the action of air, warmth and moisture.

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A Steady Record.

No student of sociology has ever succeeded in finding a person of fair education who has not at one time or other begun keeping a diary; but we never yet heard of any one who persevered in the fascinating pursuit.

All of us are inclined to think the present time uninteresting; each day's experiences are bald and tame, and even the excitements that we feel never seem to be worth recording, for we imagine that they will remain vivid for the term of our existence. What a delusion!

There is not a man, no matter how old and callous he may have become, who would not be made better by reading the thoughts that quickened in his mind when he was young.

We are giving sound advice when we say, "Keep a steady record of your daily actions and thoughts; hold nothing too trivial; never allow laziness to check you, and go on accumulating the experiences of your life. When you come to be old, you will find that you have hoarded a treasure which can be truly enjoyed by yourself and by nobody else."

No man who has not reached middle age at least can understand how the years become blurred. If we talk now to a man of forty five about something that happened in 1870 we shall find that his mind is all but blank, even though his memory be rather good than otherwise.

Each of us can remember the events of childhood and adolescence with precision; but as the world gains a hold on us and custom weighs us down, we are certain to roll the years into one until great tracts of our life seem to have been traversed by us with the speed of flitting phantoms.

Every man feels confident to day that he cannot forget the experiences that passed between the time of waking and the time of sleeping; but when to morrow comes the process of fading begins, and after a few years have gone by we find that we cannot remember anything save poignant griefs, keen joys, crushing disasters.

So utterly does time obliterate the more minute memories of life that a man may study with delight the thoughts which he set down before the passage of days dulled his memory.

We know that the keeping of diaries has its funny side. Nothing can be more pathetic and droll than the floods of confidences which the susceptible schoolgirl pours forth to her pretty locked volume. We are sadly afraid however that these confidences are not always sacred to one person; indeed we feel certain that the custom of exchanging diaries is more prevalent than the purist thinks desirable.

Yet we think that many a school mistress and many a staid "mamma" would be less exacting and more sympathetic if they would take the trouble to keep before them the lines that record their own days of dreaming and folly.

The young man's diary is usually a terrible affair when he first begins. He is of course conceited, and equally of course he feels that he is misunderstood in a gross and brutalized world.

But he has not lost his illusions; he is generous, sanguine, full of hero worship, and his most callish errors may serve as pathetic lessons for the worn adult to whom all illusions have come to be subjects for mockery.

When the low dark verge of life is neared, the discontented man who is inclined to rail against the world and fate should always have by him a book which may remind him of how much he has actually lived and enjoyed.

Not one of us ever shows sufficient gratitude to the Power that gives us gladness and hope and the delight of strength; but we might perhaps be corrected in our tendencies if we only recalled the pleasures and the good gifts whereof the memory is veiled behind the curtain of obscuring years.

To any one who is inclined to call diary-writing a waste of time we should like to address a crucial question—"What would you or what would the vast community of Christians give in exchange for a simple diary kept by one of the literary slaves of Pontius Pilate?"

Supposing that some simple man had daily watched the doings of the Twelve while they were in Jerusalem, and added his testimony to that of the Gospels, would not thousands be willing to make pilgrimages only to gaze on the inestimably precious manuscript? The question needs no answering.

The man who keeps a picture of his own mental growth constantly before him is educating himself in the highest sense, and he may, for all he knows, be conferring more real benefit on future generations than he would by leaving fortune upon fortune to be cut and carved by lawyers, charity commissioners and such persons.

He may derive exquisite emotions from studying his own past, and he may give emotions equally pleasurable to those whose entrance on life will not take place for hundreds of years.

In sum, we venture to say that the man who fails to keep a diary dies many deaths before his time, and, moreover, he educates himself only by halves.

If he only records the fact that he saw a certain great statesman, or watched a procession, or waited through a trial, or wrote an essay, he may solve a historian's doubts, and prevent a tiresome and quarrelsome controversy. Not one of us is anything but insignificant; but the eternal rocks are made up of insignificant grains of sand.

THE art of living easily, as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard.

HAPPINESS, of whatever kind, needs utterance, prompt add joyful. Sadness and gloom, pain and distress, may well have the shield of silence to prevent their diffusion; but everything that is bright, cheery and delightful should be shared and spread as far as possible. Yet how frequently is this reversed, and the misfortunes of life are disclosed in all their details, while its blessings are passively accepted without remark! The shadows are eagerly described, while of the sunlight nothing is said.

INFANCY is the only time when it is natural or right to be exclusively recipient. Between this time and full maturity giving and taking should be wisely alternated, until one becomes as essential to happiness as the other. It is not kindness, but cruelty, to neglect this training in responsibility, to allow youth quietly to appropriate everything and contribute nothing. It is simply a training in selfishness, which quickly bears ingratitude as one of its fruits.

IT is a great mistake, on going to settle in a new place, whether for a long or short period, to rush too suddenly into people's arms; it is so easy to take people up, and so very difficult to drop them. In fact, very many people will not be dropped; they make themselves so actively disagreeable if you try to avoid their society that you must perforce keep up a show of friendship, if nothing more; if they think there is anything to be gained by keeping up your acquaintance, they will take care you do not shun them.

WHAT matters it where your feet stand, or wherewith your hands are busy, so that it is the spot where God has put you and the work he has given you to do? Your real life is within, hid in God and Christ, ripening and strengthening and waiting, as through the] long dark ages of night and incompleteness waited the germs of all that was to unfold in this actual, green and bounteous earth.

IF the purposes of life are to be givers of joy, they must be noble purposes. Low aims and purely selfish projects, while they may incite to temporary industry, carry with them the seeds of failure and disappointment; for when pleasure alone is sought for as an end and aim, it always eludes the grasp. When we think we have secured it, it turns to ashes.

IN private and in all life, the best motives to action are those which lie outside of self and its supposed interests. To cherish in every employment some glimpse of and interest in the good it is to produce in the world, introduces a finer element into the labor and brings forth better work than can be educed by the hope of personal benefit to the worker.

LIFE is a school with its various classes, and he who lives it aright knows that each one is meant to be a preparation for the next. Has he learnt the lessons of one? If so he will gladly enter the next, knowing that many failures await him, but that none can be so ignominious as the stagnation of mind and heart that would prevent him from entering in.

No young person should consider it an advantage to get rid of parental supervision and care. There is no other institution like the family; there is no other love like the parental love; there is no other friendship like the friendship of father and of mother.

ENVY cannot be hidden. It accuses and judges without proofs; it magnifies defects; its conversation is filled with gall, exaggeration and injury; it stands out with obstinacy and with fury against striking merit; it is hasty, insensible and merciless.

ONLY that soul can be my friend which I encounter on the line of my own march; that soul to which I do not decline, and which does not decline to me, but, native of the same celestial latitude, repeats in its own all my experience.

WE are what we are made by the objects that surround us. To expect that a man who sees other objects, and who leads a life different from mine, should have the same ideas that I have, would be to require contradictions.

THE fumes of passion do as really intoxicate and confound the judging and discerning faculty as the fumes of drink discompose and stupefy the brain of a man overcharged with it.

EVERY limit is a beginning as well as an ending. Who can quit young lives after being long in company with them, and not desire to know what befel them in their after years?

WHATEVER you may be sure of, be sure at least of this, that you are dreadfully like other people. Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

A MAN who cannot, so to speak, bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition respectfully to salute the world at any other time.

HE who means nobleness, though he misses his chosen aim, cannot fail to bring down a precious quarry from the clouds.

HELP others whenever you can; you yourself would be grateful for a helpful hand in a moment of need.

The World's Happenings.

There are 9000 miles of street railways in the United States and Canada.

A Maryland man, aged 40 rode on the steam cars recently for the first time in his life.

The census enumerator at Palmyra, Mo., offers $1 for every person that he failed to get on his list.

A large sturgeon with a chain five feet long attached to him has been caught off the coast of Oregon.

A lobster caught recently by a Maine fisherman was 34 inches long and weighed over 21 pounds.

At St. Joseph, Mo., recently, an audacious thief stole a circus elephant, two camels and five horses.

The number of electric street railways in operation in the United States and Canada is 284, against 44 cable roads.

A strike in the London silk hat trade was caused by the masters "giving out good material to be put on common hats."

Mrs. Mary Wing, of Fayette, Mo., 80 years old, does the washing, cooking, sewing, knitting, etc., for a family of four.

A hollow stump, from which comes a noise similar to that of a boiling kettle, is one of the curiosities of Bradford county, Fla.

Farmers in outlying sections of Northern New Jersey report a superfluity of rabbits this year. That game has not been so plentiful in 15 years, they say.

Worth's latest edict prescribes that there shall be no more crinolines, and consequently the fall fashions will not show the promised revival of the empire modes.

A West Virginian recently veneered a black oak log with walnut bark and sold it to a confiding Cincinnatian as a genuine black walnut log, and got $106 for it.

The sentence "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs" has been found to contain all the letters of the alphabet as well as important instructions to the servant.

A Michigan bachelor who, the ad said, was "37 years old, but rich," has received 250 applications from women willing to be his wife—and risk his dying pretty soon.

A "lady typist" advertises for a situation in a London paper. "Typist," it is to be presumed, is short for typewriter. The English have a knack of abbreviating everything.

A recent hailstorm at Colusa, Cal., developed the fact that bats live among the green foliage of trees during the days in summer. The hail knocked a great many to the ground.

A Maine paper reports Joel Libby, over 85 years old, as swinging the scythe in a mowing field, near Brunswick, as lustily as any young man, and that, too, before 7 o'clock in the morning.

A faithful dog in Hamilton, O, didn't abandon its attempt to arouse its drunken owner, who had fallen asleep on the railroad track, until an engine cut off its leg. The man escaped injury.

A seaside paper makes the startling announcement that "tan shoes are very much worn this summer. Hundreds of the cottagers wear nothing else." A pair of tan shoes certainly makes a very cool costume.

In an English town there is a shop where gun flints are fashioned, and from which 30,000,000 of them have been sent to the west coast of Africa in the last 10 years. The savage tribes in the interior use them in their old-fashioned firearms.

The accounts of a pilimaker who has just died in England show that he has been spending $200,000 a year for advertising. His heirs, however, are finding no particular fault with this extravagance, as he leaves an estate valued at $25,000,000—all due to pills and advertising.

The Montreal man who recently fell while boarding a moving train at Old Orchard, Me., and was saved from going under the wheels by Frank E. Morrill, a popcorn peddler on the train, has rewarded his rescuer with the promised $5000. A despatch says that "the gentleman desires his name to be withheld."

In accordance with a curious Austrian custom one of Archduchess Valerie's wedding gifts was a collection of articles of clothing worn by her in her days of babyhood. Her first wee pair of boots, preserved for this purpose by her nurse, was brought to her at Vienna by that worthy woman, who had traveled a long way to place them in her nurseling's hands.

A little child in New York, in falling out of a second-story window recently, grasped two pillows that were airing on the sill, and when she struck the ground the pillows were underneath her and she escaped injury. The place where she fell was paved with cobblestones, and if the child had not fallen on the pillows she would probably have been killed.

A man down East, a selectman of his town, by the way, bought a pound of nails which were wrapped up in a piece of brown paper, and placed them in a bright new tin pan which he left on the seat of his wagon for a short time in the sun. When he came out of the store again he found his bundle of nails in flames, the rays of the sun having set the paper on fire.

It is so seldom that milkmen are actually caught watering their milk that the finding of one in the act in Paris recently was deemed a worthy enough piece of news to be sent as a special to London. He was working the pump when the officers put in an appearance, and he said: "Ah, well, you have fairly caught me this time. Jump up on my cart and I will drive you to the police office, to save you trouble."

Recent investigations in Indian prisons have revealed a curious physiological condition induced by thieves for the purpose of secreting valuables. They allow a heavy lead bullet to slide down the throat, and keep it in position for half an hour at a time. In about a year a pouch is formed, into which anything small may be thrust without interfering with speech or breath. At present there are in Calcutta jail twenty prisoners with these throat-pouches.

AWAKE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Awake—awake!
Thy bed forsake!
The Eastern sky is radiant with the morn;
The shadows flee
Across the sea;
The heavy night is past—the new day born.

Leave—leave thy dreams
By lotus-streams
And vales where poppies bloom and asphodel;
Leave thy soft rest;
Don thou thy vest;
The busy world's awake—wake thou as well!

Child of the day,
Put sloth away;
Take thou thy part in the day's toil begun—
Love, labor, give!
Thus truly live,
And thou shalt have reward at set of sun.

A Tramp's Mission.

BY OLIVE BELL.

THE sharp winter wind, that gave the dark night, a wild wierdness, scurried around the corners of the Easthope farm-house, with many a mad shriek, as Hester Comstock, a comely spinster of forty-five entered her clean, cheerful kitchen to have a cozy chat with her only servant, and companion, Sarah Dedham, who was ten years younger than her mistress, but ages older in wisdom and experience.

"Sarah, it's a fearful night." Miss Comstock stood on the warm rug before the blazing log-fire, and stared down at the glowing embers in a dreamy fashion.

"Yes, fearful," assented Sarah, her homely, rugged face growing suddenly grave, "just the night for the tramps and burglars."

Miss Comstock laughed a low, pleasant laugh. Sarah, who sat in the chimney corner knitting vigorously, looked up at her mistress, smilingly.

She was not handsome, but her pale refined face had an irresistible power about it; and there was a sweetness about the sensitive lips, and a truthful look in the dark gray eyes that was beautiful to see.

Standing there in the amber glow of the fire light, a freshness, and bloom, came into her cheeks, and smiling, as if over some happy thought, she went to one of the windows, lifted one of the thick curtains, and gazed out into the darkness with soft pitiful eyes.

"Either burglar, or tramp, would have a stout heart to face such a storm;" she said thoughtfully, as she came slowly back to the fire and sat down on a low rocker.

The two lonely women were silent, each busy for the moment with some thought called up by the wildness of the night.

The resinous logs sizzled in a sing-song way, and the flames roared up the wide chimney as if mocking the storm without; for Hester Comstock loved the home of her ancestors too well to alter, or remove any of its quaint old-fashioned comforts, and this wide fire-place was one of its best.

Hester loved to sit before it; on winter nights, watching the flames leap up and out of miniature mountains of red coals casting odd shadows on the white rafters and polished wainscotted walls, and reflecting their brightness in the shining pewter dishes that garnished the shelves of the walnut dresser.

The floor as white as Sarah's sturdy hands could make it, was dotted with rugs of gay homemade designs, and the low comfortable old chairs were made positively luxurious, with feather cushions of Sarah's manufacture.

In fact no cozier room could be found than Sarah's kitchen, and her pride in its creature comforts might well be pardoned.

"I wish Paul Raymont had spent the night here," sighed the mistress of Easthope, s'acing her eyes with one slender white hand. "I do not feel quite safe with all that money in the house."

Sarah looked up with a suspicious glance in her shrewd eyes. For Paul Raymont was a stranger in the neighborhood, disliked and mistrusted by every body but Miss Comstock, who seemed completely infatuated with his handsome face and smooth ways.

She had spent many idle hours in his company, much to Sarah's disgust; for Sarah was a good judge of human nature, and in spite of the letters of recommendation he carried about with him, had declared him a fraud.

"Umph," she grunted, "we're as safe without him."

Sarah, in a tone of mild reproof, "You must remember Mr. Raymont is a friend of mine."

"I remem ber it," snapped Sarah. "I know he is a lover of your money, houses, and lands; though goodness knows, you'd be lost on the like of him, if you hadn't a dollar."

"Sarah, Sarah," said Miss Comstock in a severe voice, "his references are unquestionable."

"May be so!" assented Sarah, "but I don't like him. He's not good stuff—you'll find. Don't be fretting about the money, Miss Hester. Nobody but ourselves know we have eleven hundred dollars in the house."

"That's true. I would have deposited it to day, only Paul said it was too bitter cold to drive into town, and the roads were almost impassable."

"You did not tell him, I hope," cried Hester dropping a stitch in astonishment, as she sat staring at her mistress.

"Certainly, why not?" The soft gray eyes opened slowly, and a troubled look swept across the placid face, for like too many of her sex, Miss Comstock was easily imposed on, and this love dream which had come to her so late in life, was very sweet.

"Well—well, Hester Comstock! Old——"

A loud knocking on the stout oaken panel of the kitchen door, suddenly ended Sarah's sentence, which was doubtless the beginning of that old and trite saying, "old fools are the worst of fools;" and rising to her feet, she looked first at the heavy door then at her mistress. "God bless me! Who's that," she whispered.

Miss Comstock who had arisen to her feet, looked pale and frightened. She went towards the door, pausing with an eager look in her eyes.

"Paul," she cried, "is that you?"

"No, it's a better man," called out a strong, and not unpleasant voice, "though he's only a tramp."

Sarah Dedham fairly groaned.

"Don't let him in," she said in a low voice, "he'll murder us in our beds."

"Let me in; for God's sake, let me in! I'm half starved and freezing to death," cried the strong voice, its sound mingling with the mad shrieks of the wind.

"We'll lock him in the kitchen," whispered Miss Comstock, whose tender heart could not resist any human being's appeal for shelter.

"No—no!" Sarah, who despised the whole race of tramps and beggars, laid her hand on Miss Comstock's arm, "let him go on."

"To be frozen to death by the road side; no!" said Miss Comstock decisively, as she unbolted the door.

A man rushed in, bringing a gust of wind and sleet, as he threw the door wide open, a man, ragged and faint with cold, his unkempt brown hair falling on his shoulders, his sad sunken eyes roaming over the warm fire-lit room with a gleam of satisfaction, as he hurried to the hearth, and held his benumbed hands over the hot embers—hands as shapely as a woman's and whiter than Sarah's own.

The two women stood on one side and watched him. Sarah, with the instinctive keenness of her nature, set him down as no common tramp. For his face, that is, as much of it as could be seen, for the old slouch hat that almost concealed it, was a good honest face, and when, as if suddenly remembering he was under a roof, he removed the hat and laid it on the chair, Miss Comstock had just vacated, she saw a forehead high and white, and a frank open countenance, she decided it was warmth and shelter the man wanted, not pillage and murder.

Water dripped from the tattered clothing that hung loosely about his massive figure—for he was a strong, youthful man, and his feet, bound up with bits of carpet and scraps of cloth, he had doubtless picked up by the wayside, were sodden with slush and mud.

For many minutes his whole mind seemed absorbed in the throwing out process, and when his stiff fingers were growing warm and pliant, he turned his grateful face to the silent women, saying in his strong deep voice.

"You are alone here——" he paused, as he saw each face grow suddenly grave, "and afraid of me. I never harmed a human being, tramp though I am."

He sighed deeply, and sat down on the chair, Sarah offered him. He looked up at Hester, as he sat down, "you are Hester Comstock?"

"Yes;" Hester replied, trembling in every limb, as her thoughts reverted to the money. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing;" he replied carelessly turning his sad eyes to the fire. "I thought you were an older woman. Could you give me something to eat?"

Miss Comstock went back to her sitting room, pondering uneasily over the tramp's last question, and Sarah Dedham, with unusual alacrity, gave the half-starved man a good substantial meal, and intrusting him in the mysteries of building a wood fire, told him to dry his wet clothing, and locked him in the warm, cozy kitchen with a sigh of relief.

"Now," she said triumphantly, "he's safe as far as we are concerned, if he don't burn the house over our heads."

"He looks civil enough," said her mistress, glancing uneasily around the room, "but how did he know my name, Sarah?"

"Pooh!" ejaculated Sarah, planting her heels on the shining brass rim of the fender, "everybody knows Hester Comstock, the nicest unmarried woman in the country."

"True!" sighed Hester, adding in a plaintive voice, "I wish Mr. Croft had not paid me that money to day."

"Tut, tut," snapped Sarah, "be glad you have got it. The old miser has had the use of it long enough. Without interest, too!"

"I wish Paul had remained over night," murmured Miss Comstock, sentimentally gazing at a cabinet picture of Mr. Raymont that stood in a conspicious position on a gypsy table at her elbow.

"Umph," grunted Sarah, "I guess I'll go to bed." And with a glance of contempt at the picture, she left the room and crossed the hall to her bed-chamber—a small room adjoining Miss Comstock's.

The richest woman in the country, sat alone before the glowing grate, troubled about many many things. At the present moment, riches were no pleasure to her. In fact, her life at Easthope had never held much happiness, for she had lived it almost alone. Her kindred were all in the church yard on the hillside, her youthful dreams of companionship, and marital bliss had found no realization until Paul Raymont, with his handsome face and plausible tongue had stirred the latent flames into life, and convinced her that Easthope would be the better of a masculine master.

He was ten years her junior; yet it is a fact well-known that when an elderly woman loses her senses about a man, he is generally younger, and in many eyes, Miss Comstock was throwing herself and Easthorpe away, if she persisted in marrying Paul Raymont.

"Poor Paul," sighed this romantic damsel of forty five, "what can they all have against you?" She picked up the picture, looking long and earnestly at the blonde face, then kissed it and laid it down with a caressing touch of her slim fingers. "Poor Paul," she repeated, "poverty is a great incubus in this world; but Hester Comstock's money will raise you in public opinion.

Then she went out into the hall and listened intently. But the tramp was quiet, and feeling unusually restless and nervous she re-entered the sitting room, and drawing a large comfortable chair before the grate, sat down and listened to the wind, as it soughed through the trees that surrounded the house. Now sobbing low and pitiful, like some child in distress, now shrieking out like some mad creature battling for freedom, it went on its wild course, until Hester's brain grew dazed with the sound, and jumping to her feet, she rushed across the hall to her bed-room, her slippered feet making no sound on the thick carpet. On the threshold of the open door she stopped as if suddenly paralyzed. For a man's figure was bending over her writing desk, his face hidden by the collar of his long coat he wore, and Hester could hear the crisp rustle of banknotes as he counted over the roll of bills Mr. Croft had given her.

With one swift fearless glance over the room, Hester saw there was only one, and if it was the tramp, he had changed his clothing. Backing noiselessly away from the open door, she slipped cautious down the hall, and cautiously unlocked the kitchen door, and peeped in.

The tramp was still sitting before the roaring fire, a mist of steam from his wet clothing floating around him.

Hester went up to him softly, and whispered; "There's a man in my room."

He rose swiftly to his feet, a sc: look on his face, and as Hester pointed out the way he went softly down the hall, with Hester in his wake.

She was very pale, and firm now and never flinched, when the tramp, with one bound from the open door threw his massive body on the man still bending over the desk.

The robber went down with a gurgling cry, which brought Sarah Dedham out of a sound sleep. "Robbers, tramps, thieves!" she screamed, bounding into Miss Comstock's room, "Hester—Hester, are you murdered?"

"Not quite," cried Hester, with a nervous laugh, for her terror was coming back, "but I might have been, if we had turned away the tramp." "Bring me a rope," said the tramp, keeping the robber on his face, with one knee firmly planted on the small of his back.

Sarah brought him a rope, and firmly binding the hands and feet of the prostrate man, he looked up at Hester with a compassionate glance.

"Now, Miss Comstock, prepare for a surprise."

He lifted up the man, and set him down on a chair, in the full light of the lamp. Miss Comstock took a step forward, looked into the man's face, then fell like a log on the floor at his feet.

"Powers above!" cried Sarah Dedham, as she went to Miss Comstock's assistance, "if it ain't Paul Raymont!"

The handsome guilty face grew pale with anger, and his blue eyes had a wolfish gleam in their depths, as he glared at Sarah, whose face was a study.

"You villain!" she muttered, "I never thought you would steal; although I knew you were an impostor of some kind!"

"A thief of the first water, ma'am," said the tramp, "he is Billy Asbury, just out of prison, after a seven years term. But don't tell her!"

He looked down compassionately at Miss Comstock; "I'll lay her on the bed;" said the tramp, lifting her in his strong arms, and laying her gently on her white bed, her face as white as the snowy pillows.

"Get him out of this, now," said Sarah, as she hurried into her own room to put on a wrapper, for up to the present moment, she had not thought of her scanty attire.

When she re-entered Miss Comstock's room, the tramp and Paul Raymont had disappeared. Her mistress showed signs of returning consciousness, and after Sarah's vigorous rubbing, and bathing, soon sat up.

"Just to think, Sarah," was her first comment, "I would have married that man."

"That you would, in spite of everybody." laughed Sarah. "But you see, man proposes, but God disposes."

At this moment the tramp appeared in the doorway.

"Where is he?" said both women in a breath.

"Locked up in the woodshed;" was the man's reply, as he laid a roll of banknotes on Miss Comstock's lap. "There's your money, ma'am. This evening I was resting behind a hedge. Two men were talking on the other side. I recognized Billy Asbury's voice. He was talking about an 'old Hester Comstock,' who he had been making love to. "Hester winced," under the name of Paul Raymont. He had forged letters of introduction to parties around here, and was living in clover. This companion his, had tracked him, and wanted hush-money. Billy said he had intended to live an honest life for the future, but he would just take Miss Comstock's money, and settle up with his pal at the forks of the road. But you see, I've spoiled his little game."

Miss Comstock sat very quiet, a curious look on her pale face. At that moment, she would have given the roll of money she held in her hand if it would bring back her lost faith in Paul Raymont.

"How do you know he is not Paul Raymont?" she said, with a touch of disbelief in her voice.

"Because I knew Billy Asbury; for he, and I, served seven years in the same prison; he for a heavy mail robbery, I for forging a note on my uncle." was the tramp's reply, as he looked at Sarah. "I did not intend to tell you this but it's the gospel truth."

"What will we do with him?" inquired Sarah Dedham.

"Set him free at daybreak," said Miss Comstock, with dry white lips, he will never trouble us again." She counted out half the amount she held in her hand, "will you take this, or steady work on the farm?"

"The steady work if you please;" replied the tramp with a grateful hand-clasp. "I'll begin life over again, and tramp no more."

No sleep closed the eyes of Sarah or Miss Comstock that wild winter night. It was found that Paul Raymont had entered the house through a window in the basement, this gaining easy access to the hall. At daybreak he was set free, and Miss Comstock cried herself into a genuine fit of hysteric's.

"Well"—said Sarah Dedham to herself, "if some women ain't the biggest fools. I never could see any good in tramps, but that one was sent here to open Miss Hester's eyes." Easthope never had a master.

SCENE.—A raft in midocean. Dramatis personæ, a shipwrecked party that had been floating for several days without food or water. Shipwrecked Mariner—"A sail. A sail." Woman Passenger (reviving)—Excuse me, but did you say a sail?" Shipwrecked Mariner—"Yes, and not far off." Woman Passenger—"What do the bargains consist of."

For Ever.

BY D. H.

ONE November evening in the year 1846, the weather being moist, sleet falling fast, and the streets sloppy and dreary, a young man was strolling in the city of Strasbourg, under the Grandes Arcades, and the two or three dim gas-lamps intended to light the old and obscure passage were scarcely sufficient to enable belated wanderers to see farther than five or six yards before them.

The young man walked with unsteady gait, and his manner indicated that he was in a decidedly bad humor. He did not observe that another person was advancing from the opposite direction until they both paused suddenly in front of each other.

The gentleman who thus unexpectedly disturbed the cogitations of the nocturnal and absent-minded promenader was the first to speak.

"Sir," said he, with a strong south-country accent, "will you oblige by informing me how to say the words 'For ever' in German?"

"'*Auf immer*,' sir," replied the young man promptly.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" replied the other. Then, resuming his way, he repeated aloud, "'*Auf immer!*'" Ah, yes—'*Auf immer!*'"

As he proceeded, he took from his thick overcoat a pocket-book, and, stopping for an instant, wrote on a page the words '*Auf immer*," after which he replaced the book and continued his route, repeating his newly-acquired German phrase to himself.

"*Auf immer!*" repeated the other young man to himself, "*Auf immer!*" What in the world can he want to know that for, at half-past eight o'clock at night? Perhaps I have been assisting him to make love to some pretty Alsatain maiden who is not a proficient in any language but her own. A declaration of love—oh! The deuce take love, and the women too!"

That a young fellow of twenty-five should so express himself as to love and women seemed puzzling; but so it was. This young Strasbourgian, Augustus Weiss, sincerely believed in neither the one nor the other. He had made his first essay some time before, in a very pretty romance which had failed of a successful issue through the timidity of the young lady concerned.

As he reviewed the details of his past mischance, Augustus Weiss arrived at the end of the Arcades.

The sleet had deepened into snow, and he was quickening his pace to descend the passage steps, when his foot struck against something which the flickering light of a gas lamp enabled him to perceive was a pocket book.

He picked it up, and continued his way as best he could over the uneven ground, which was in some places paved with cobble stones, in others asphalted, and in many parts strewn with the remains of materials that had served to cover the floors of of the Arcades.

At length the snow abated; and the young man's progress became easier as he hastened onward to his home in the Rue Mercière. In passing however he did not fail to cast a glance strongly expressive of both anger and regret at one of the first houses in the Rue des Serruriers.

After entering his room, he set about examining the prize he had found. The pocket book was a new one, and contained a number of bank-notes; but there was neither letter nor card to indicate the name of the owner.

The next morning, before going to the office in which he was employed, Augustus Weiss proceeded to the advertising department of a local newspaper, the *Courrier du Bas Rhin*, which was situated in the Place Saint Thomas—a locality peculiarly peaceful and silent, where a dozen or so of slender sycamores vegetated sadly in the shade of the Protestant church of Saint Thomas, and sheltered to some extent beneath their scanty foliage the stalls of six or eight venders of fruit and vegetables.

Augustus entered the publishing-room of the *Courrier*, and informed the representative of the newspaper—then in its infancy, as at the period alluded to it had reached only its third number—that he was desirous of announcing in its columns the godsend he had found in the street.

"I am sorry," said the manager, "to lose at one time two advertisements; but doubt less this is the owner of the pocket-book"—pointing to a man who stood close by.

The person indicated, who had arrived a few minutes prior to Augustus, was asking the charge for an insertion of the particulars respecting his lost property. He was a man of about thirty, with florid complexion and eyes and hair of an intensely black hue.

Augustus Weiss held out the pocket-book to him.

"I am very pleased, sir," he said, "to be able to restore your property to you."

"The pocket book is mine, sir," replied stranger; "and yet I scarcely know how to convince you of the fact. Pray where did you find it?"

"Under the Grandes Arcades."

"Yesterday evening, at about half-past eight?"

"Yes, about that time."

"Then you are the man who kindly told me how to say the words 'For ever'—*Auf immer?*"

"Really, I did not recogize you again sir!"

"Ah, yes! I had taken out my pocket-book for the purpose of writing down those tiresome words. It was fearfully cold and I hastily returned the book, as I thought, to my pocket; but, instead of doing so, I must have placed it between my under and over coats—and that is how it fell to the ground. But, as neither of us has any further business here," continued the stranger, as he raised his hat to the advertisement-manager, "will you permit me to offer you some refreshment?"

"With all my heart," replied Augustus; and the two young men left the office together.

"Mr. Maurice Cazenave, of Nismes," said the south countryman, by way of self-introduction.

"Mr. Augustus Weiss," returned the other, in a similar manner.

"Now, Mr. Weiss," said Cazenave, "as you are a Strasbourg man, you ought to have your favorite tavern. Let us go there."

"The house I frequent most is the 'Dolphin,' near the cathedral," replied Weiss.

"A house I happen to know," said Cazenave, "although I have been in Strasbourg only one month. I know the 'Dolphin' very well.

Five minutes later the two young men were seated at a table in that celebrated tavern, having before them two glasses of the splendid white-frothed beer for which the city is famous.

"Let us see, Mr. Weiss," commenced Cazenave, after they had tasted and duly appreciated the nut-brown beverage—"you are an honest fellow, and have rendered me a service. What can I do for you in return?"

"Oh, I really don't know!"

"Tut, tut, tut! There is always something on a man's mind, or one thing or another that he wants, particularly at your age; and, if I can be useful to you——"

"I have something on my mind, certainly; but, my dear sir, you could not do anything to aid me there."

"Nevertheless——" "No; the best wishes are powerless in my case."

"Then it is a love affair!" "Yes."

"Ah, well, tell me about it!"

"What earthly good would that do? Your sympathy would be valueless in the matter."

"Tell me, all the same. In the first place I will pledge myself to profound secrecy. I will not ask you for name, address, or any question that borders on the inquisitive. Tell me only the outlines of your story, and then—who knows? Confidence for confidence—I also have a love affair in Strasbourg, although I have resided here only a few weeks. Now make your candid confession. You are in love?"

"Ah, well, yes!"

"Is she pretty?"—"Adorable, good, and intelligent—in short, a marvel."

"Brunette or blonde?"—"Blonde, with very dark blue eyes."

"Like my young lady. Good! I observe we have similar tastes. And does she love you?"

"She tells me so, and I believe it."—"Continue."

"Oh, all was going on very well! I am clerk to a solicitor, and have saved a little money, which, if added to an ordinary dowry, would enable me to purchase a country practice—our ambition was not very great—and now at the present moment there is just such a practice to be disposed of at Brumath. I know the owner, and he has offered it to me on very advantageous conditions; but the father of my intended has recently turned completely round in his manner towards me. I was formerly admitted to the house, and all appeared to receive me with smiles. About three weeks since, without my knowing anything of the why or the wherefore, he changed his mind about the matter. I was all but accepted; and now he thinks that my position is too humble, and for the last eight days I have been refused admission to his house, and have been given to understand that the reputation of his daughter may be endangered by my visits."

"And the young lady?"

"I see her all the same; we meet at the house of a friend. I proposed that we should cut the affair short, and make a bolt of it; but she preaches patience, and wishes me to wait awhile. It drives me almost out of my senses."

"I also am somewhat unsettled in my mind just at present."—"Like me?".

"Why, no! It is absolutely the contrary—except that it is exactly the same thing in the end."

"Let us have it; it is your turn now!"

"With regard to myself, it is not money that is wanting, as you will see, nor the consent of the father; but it is the daughter herself who hasn't convinced me that I have made the impression on her heart which I desire to do. What I mean is at times she is very capricious and has such droll ideas! Just fancy—it is now a month since I arrived here from Nismes! I came to take possession of some property in this town, an aunt of mine having left me twenty four thousand pounds or thereabouts—I don't know exactly how much—besides house property and land let on leases that are yet unexpired, mortgages, loans, and a heap of other matters, very good investments, but very much muddled so that it will require some time here to put things straight. Business caused me to get acquainted with a good man who has a daughter—oh, such an enchanting girl, with a pretty Alsatian accent! I beg pardon for this digression. She is the blonde with the blue eyes of whom I have already spoken to you—a girl who can look you through and through when she likes. I fell in love at first sight—in short, I forgot all about money, mortgages, and securities, and was desperately smitten. I just gave a hint of my feelings to the father, who seemed to have guessed all about it beforehand. Very well; he accepted me most readily, and I am installed as her lover. Yes, that is a certainty; but I don't make any progress with my suit. I don't exactly know. I stand with regard to her affections—she has so many new ideas and caprices. For instance, she absolutely insists that her husband shall understand German. She pretends that it is essential in a household, as you can engage French servants, and say all that you have to say before them, without their understanding what you are talking about. So I have to learn German!"

"Oh, oh—that explains to me why you wanted yesterday evening the word 'For ever' translated into German!"

"Exactly. I was about to call on the good man, and I wished to say in German to his daughter, 'I shall love you forever!'"

"Did you say it to her?"

"Perfectly—thanks to you. She appeared to be delighted with my progress, and at the same time looked wonderfully handsome."

"Ah, well, then of what have you to complain?"

"I fear her compliance with her father's wishes will not continue."

"You must have courage; besides, we can see each other, and talk things over—in German, if you have a desire to acquire that language."

"I wish it above all things, and am deeply obliged by your kindness, for, though I might have engaged a very accomplished teacher, still he was an elderly man to whom I could not express myself confidentially, as I am able to do to you. You see," continued Cazenave, "there is no false delicacy about me. You have rendered me an important service, and I am your debtor. How much money will be wanted for the purchase of the practice of which you spoke? Where did you say the place was?"

"Brumath."

"It is not the name of the place I care for—that is of no consequence to me; but I will advance you the amount in ready cash, if you will allow me."

"I really don't know how I could lay myself under so great an obligation."

"That is absurd. You understand I owe you a requital for your honesty. Now, you see, it is all arranged. Get your conveyance documents prepared as early as you please. On the day after to-morrow I will meet you here at eight o'clock in the evening; you can give me a lesson in German, and can talk over our love-affairs in a quiet way, as we have already done. By the-by before we part, I wish to tell her this evening that I shall love her everlastingly. I know how to conjugate the verb 'to love'; but those terrible adverbs floor me completely. How do you render the word 'everlastingly'?"

"*Ewig*" replied Augustus.

"Right—*ewig*! My stars, what a language!" Cazenave added, as he shrugged his shoulders. "And to think that I am to spend my time in learning it! But what would I not do? When she looks at me with her large blue eyes, I believe that she could induce me learn Chinese. On the day after to-morrow then, dear sir."

And the two young men rose from their seats and left the tavern, wishing each other good day as they parted.

On the day appointed, the next day, and for eight days following, the two new friends met regularly at the "Dolphin," where the young Alsatian gave the south-countryman lessons, not in German, but that which is almost the same thing, the patois of Strasbourg, and their conversations generally commenced in the following style.

"Well, my good friend," Maurice Cazenave would say, "how does the love-affair go on? Do things appear to you to be more satisfactory?"

"Not at all," Augustus Weiss would reply, "I have heard indirectly that the father will not permit my name to be mentioned in his house."

"What—not since you have purchased the country practice?"

"He has not yet mentioned the subject, so far as I can learn; he appears to have other views of a more ambitious character. I hear that he has found a Croesus for a son-in-law."

"Have patience, my friend—have patience! You have the daughter on your side, and I am here to assist you."

"Thanks. And what progress are you making may I ask?"

"Oh, capital progress, thanks to you! I am going ahead step by step."

"So much the better."

"Your turn will come. If you have no objection, we will both be married on the same day, and I will defray the cost of the two weddings."

"I am sadly afraid that mine will not cost much."

"Don't despair. Faint heart never won fair lady."

After these confidences, they went to work at the Strasbourgian *patois* with a will that did credit to both teacher and scholar.

On the day of the twelfth lesson Augustus Weiss came with a face radiant with delight, while the south-countryman appeared to him to look somewhat glum and crestfallen.

"Well," said Maurice Cazenave, "how are you getting on?"

"Oh," replied Weiss, "things are improving! I have seen her, and have had a talk with her and she has given me great hope. She has done a great deal, and insisted on so much that her father seems inclined to give way; and, as soon as I am fairly launched in my office——"

"All in good time, my friend."

"How about yourself?" inquired Weiss.

"Things are not looking at all bright for me," was the reply.

"I am extremely sorry to hear that; we should have been so very jolly all together."

"No; it is very annoying. My sweetheart has such whimsical ideas! It is not a question of speaking German now: she has made up her mind not to leave Strasbourg."

"Why?"

"That is the question. Between ourselves, I believe that it is only a pretence to get rid of me, knowing, as she does know well, that my interests make it imperative that I should reside in the south. It is a pure invention."

"Oh, don't be discouraged in that way! Handsome women are sometimes very capricious, and you have told me that she is very pretty."

"As for that, she is enough to turn a man's brain."

"Have courage then! I am going to teach you some Alsatian phrases that will cause her to laugh more than ever, and her whimsical notions will disappear."

"Exactly so; but all these changes and uncertainties greatly interfere with my other affairs. I am busily engaged in looking after my newly-acquired property; but, were I to remain in Strasbourg, I should not be able to make the best of my estates elsewhere."

"Let the property stand over for a time, and persevere with the lady you wish to make your wife. Later on you will still be master of what you possess, and then you can reside where you please."

"That you believe to be best? Let it be so then!"

And once more they resumed the lessons in Strasbourg patois.

Some days afterwards the aspect of affairs was again changed; it was Cazenave who came in a joyous mood, whilst Weiss was evidently overburdened with grief.

"Aha," cried the south-countryman, "you have done quite right in encouraging me to press my suit vigorously! All is very much altered; she is now willing to go where I choose, and has no longer any desire that I should make myself proficient in German. How are you progressing?"

"I have no good news to tell you. The father is decidedly too ambitious to secure his daughter happiness. I have boldly communicated to him that I am now the owner of a practice. A solicitor's practice is not sufficient for him. My poor girl is sadly grieved; the dear creature has tried her utmost to persuade him; but never before has he shown such determination."

"What does he mean? That the practice you have purchased is not sufficiently large? Ah, well, my friend, we will try to reckon with the covetous old wretch! This is what I have resolved on. As we shall not reside at Strasbourg, I shall not be able to attend personally to the property to which I have succeeded, nor shall I have time to conduct the sale of it myself; it will consequently be necessary to employ a representative here to watch over my interests, one in whom I could place every confidence and in whose hands I could safely leave all my affairs. Now you are evidently an honest man—I have proved you to be so, have I not? Very well; I will appoint you my agent at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, independently of the solicitor's practice altogether, which will remain as we originally intended it. Now don't you think that this arrangement will make the stingy old fellow alter his mind."

"I hope it will."

"If the daughter really loves you and desires to become your wife, most certainly she will win her father over to her way of thinking."

"Oh, I am satisfied that she loves me sincerely! She has made me promise to be patient; and she has pledged herself finally to agree to all my proposals."

"So much the better. I thank you very much for the lessons, for which I have no longer any occasion; besides, I am very much engaged. I have some purchases to make—presents, in fact, for the wedding—so we will meet again this day week, when I trust you will be the bearer of better news."

One week afterwards the south-countryman and the Alsatian met again at their usual rendezvous. Augustus was the first to arrive.

His eyes sparkled with pleasure; indeed he looked perfectly contented and happy.

So pleased was he that he did not notice the troubled look of his friend, who soon afterwards joined him.

"Ah, here you are!" said the latter, in a depressed tone of voice.

His sorrowful accent struck the Strasbourgian.

"What is the matter?" asked Augustus.

"The matter is that my love-affair has terminated. This time it quite finished—the spell is broken."

"I am curious to know how that has come about."

"I myself can scarcely understand how it happened. First of all, the daughter received me very coldly; then the father, in a roundabout and confused kind of way, informed me that it had been decided to decline my offer of marriage—there was another lover in the field—the damsel was very headstrong; it was not left for him to determine—she had bluntly refused any other suitor out the one chosen by herself."

"It is a piece of rank stupidity!"

"At any rate, it is a piece of stupidity finally decided on. She has twisted her

father round her finger, and at a moment when I believed all was settled and I had commenced to purchase the jewelry. See—here is a beautiful bracelet—a masterpiece of workmanship!"

"It seems like a fatality," remarked Weiss. "After what you have said, I hardly like to tell you of the happy turn which my suit has taken. Thanks to you and the advantages you have placed in my way, the father has consented. I have to see him to-day at his own house—in short, the door is no longer closed against me."

"Ah, well, I am exceedingly pleased to hear you say so! It will be a consolation to me to know that I have done some good here."

"I hope that will not be your only recompense."

"Be that as it may, you will find all the documents you require for your agency, as also the amount for the purchase of your professional practice, at the office of my lawyer, Mr. Strohmeyer, in the Rue des Serruriers. I shall leave Strasbourg immediately. You have a very fine cathedral, I admit, but your citizens drink too much beer—that is their misfortune. I have nothing to regret. A horrid country and a wretched people! Of course I do not allude to you personally—on the contrary, I wish you every prosperity, and a happy future to both yourself and your intended. I should of liked to offer her a wedding present—this bracelet, for instance; but unfortunately I have had initials engraved on it. See! But I will get it exchanged;" and the south-countryman opened the casket.

Augustus Weiss, while looking at the jewel admiringly, suddenly uttered a cry of surprise.

"Is it not a magnificence bracelet?" asked Cazenave.

"Yes, yes; but what a coincidence!"

"How?"—"Why, 'C. H.' are the initials of my intended's name!"

"Really?"—"Yes, assuredly—Caroline Helmstetter!"

"What—Miss Caroline Helmstetter!" cried the south-countryman, as he made a prodigious effort to speak the name. "Is it Miss Caroline Helmstetter who is to be your wife?"

"Yes."

"Miss Caroline, the daughter of the receiver of taxes, No 8 Rue des Serruriers?"

"Yes, that is right. Do you know her then?"

"Do I not? Why, that is the young lady to whom I have been paying my addresses!"

"It cannot be possible! We have been hunting over the same ground!" exclaimed Augustus.

"Or rather I have been hunting over your ground!" said Cazenave.

"And, when I was instructing you in Strasbourg German, I was actually putting words in the mouth of my rival!" said Augustus.

"And as to myself, what else was I doing when I bought the practice of a solicitor in your name?" asked Cazenave.

"Just so! And, when I was encouraging and urging you to persevere with your suit, I was unquestionably working against my own interests!"

"And, in appointing you my agent, I was destroying my best chance! I now understand how it was that we were never both satisfied at the same time. Truly we are the heroes of a ludicrous romance!"

"Yes, but of one that will have the effect of greatly altering the complexion of things."

"Not at all my dear friend—not at all! It is I who have come and unintentionally interfered with your projects; I am one who ought in honor to withdraw. The young lady loves you; marry her—become a solicitor, a land-agent, and father of a large family."

"And you positively renounce her!"

"I pledge you my word that I will never return to vex you. What I have said I will religiously adhere to. Good-bye!"

"And you are actually going to leave Strasbourg."

"Sooner than ever! Stay—here is the bracelet! Present it in my name to your betrothed as my marriage-gift."

"And shall we continue to be the same good friends."

"Yes," replied the south-countryman, as he finally and warmly pressed the hand of the young Alsatian; "and permit me to add the words you taught me on the occasion of our first meeting—*Auf immer!*—For Ever!"

CURIOSITIES OF SHOW LIFE.

The primary qualification of a successful showman is to have a maximum of audacity with a minimum of conscience. This standpoint was, surely, reached by the itinerant wonder exhibitor who recently invited the world to inspect a snake's skin, to which the following announcement was appended:

"Skin of the serpent that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was killed by Adam, who hit it with a club, the traces of which are still left. This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved in his family in Asia. The genuineness is attested by doctors of divinity, whose seals are attached."

For boldness and impudence, this attempt to deceive a gullible public has never, probably, been surpassed.

Mermaids are among the most attractive and the most remunerative of show wonders. But they are just about as genuine as the skin of Adam's serpent. The making of these so called curiosities used to be a regular branch of manufacture in Japan, just as the making of souvenirs of the field of Waterloo is said to be found remunerative in Birmingham at the present day.

They are fashioned by taking the fore part of a monkey and the hind part of a fish, and joining the two in such a way that the juncture cannot be seen.

It requires some cleverness to do it, but money that can be made out of a mermaid is an abundant return for any amount of trouble, or for even a very substantial outlay.

One that was shown in New York some years ago is described as a perfect work of art, "the monkey and the fish being so nicely conjoined that no human eye could detect the point where the junction was formed."

Another New York swindle was the exhibition of Joice Heth, a negress, who was represented as being 161 years old, as "proved" by a variety of "authentic documents."

P. T. Barnum gave $1 000 dollars for her, being himself, as he frankly admits, deceived in the matter; but, on her death, the doctors found that, although she was certainly an aged woman, she was probably not more than eighty.

"The nurse of George Washington" brought, however, a lot of money to Barnum's exchequer.

On the other hand, there was "no deception" about the Siamese twins, who died in 1874, after having for sixty years been joined together by a fleshy ligature passing from one to the other from the lower end of the breast bone of each.

Equally *bona fide* were the South Carolina negresses, Millie and Christina ("The Two-Headed Nightingale") who were joined together in the back; and also the Hungarian sisters, Helena and Judith, and the more recent instance of the Bohemian sisters, Rosalie and Josepha, who grew together in just the same manner.

But, in the way of natural curiosities, there is a still more remarkable instance of dual birth on record. This was the Genoese, Lazarus Colleredo, who was also born "double," though, in this case, the second child was neither connected with the other by a ligament nor joined to his back, but was actually growing out of the lower end of his breast-bone, being perfect all but one leg.

Lazarus grew up to manhood; but, fortunately for him, the little creature with which he was so strangely connected remained an infant. It slept at intervals, and could move its body, but had no separate nutritive functions.

Tom Thumb was, undoubtedly, the most famous dwarf ever put on show, but he was by no means the smallest. During the last trip, in 1883 he weighed 70 lbs, and his wife developed into a portly little matron of 50 lbs; whilst, when at Manchester, in the early part of 1884, Francis Joseph Flinn married little Millie Edwards; he was only 20½ lbs. in weight, and his bride 34¾ lbs. so that the two together did not weigh as much as the "General."

A curious experience—if not one altogether unique—was that of Cotter, the Irish giant, whose father leased him to a showman for three years at a rental of $50 a year, when he had attained the age of eighteen.

But, as there was no arrangement that the giant should have anything for himself for showing his bulky proportions, he refused to appear in public, and was flung into a debtor's prison by the showman.

The illegality of the contract being established, he was set at liberty, and he then opened a show on his own account, with himself as the attraction, taking $30 in three days. He gained enough money to be able eventually to retire into private life, dying at Clifton in his forty seventh year.

Among fat men, Daniel Lambert was one of the most remarkable specimens of obesity ever put on exhibition. He measured 3 feet 1 inch round the leg, 9 feet 4 inches around the body, and weighed 52 st. 11 lbs. Seven men have repeatedly stood within his waistcoat, and not a button has been strained.

Living skeletons are the natural antithesis of fat men, but an individual who has got, apparently, no flesh at all on his bones, has as good a chance of making a large fortune out of his own anatomy as the most ponderous of mortals.

Such was the experience of a Frenchman, named Claude Amboise Seurat, who was exhibited in this country when twenty-eight years of age. His arms were no larger than a German flute, and possessed not the slightest trace of muscle. His head was of normal proportions, but his body looked just as if it were a valise, with a dry, parchment-like skin drawn tightly over it. The ribs could be not only distinguished, but actually counted, as if there had been nothing over them at all, whilst the trunk is described as "having the appearance of a large pair of bellows, a mere bag of hoops covered with leather, through which the pulsation of the heart was distinctly visible." He gained a considerable amount of money by exhibiting himself in London, but did not live long to enjoy it.

A singular incident connected with show life has come to our knowledge from Scotland. A gentleman who was walking along the streets of Aberdeen one day came to a place where some Zulus were on exhibition. Having himself been in South Africa, and having some acquaintance with the Zulu language, he went in, and began to talk with the men, who, with one exception, were delighted to meet with someone who could converse with them. But the exception seemed to be very reluctant to have anything to do with the visitor, whose attention was thus more particularly drawn to him. He could not help thinking that he had seen the man before, but where he could not say. He went away puzzling himself over the matter, and visited the show again a few days afterwards. Then it suddenly occurred to him that the man who was of so retiring a disposition was none other than a native who had worked for him in Natal, and had gone off with a pair of trousers which did not belong to him. The fact of their meeting again at Aberdeen was a coincidence really remarkable.

A VETERAN OF THE OLD GUARD.—Long after Bonaparte had been dead and buried the veterans of the *grande armee* continued to believe that the Emperor was still alive, and would return some day to lead on the French eagles to victory. The superstition, it is related, gave occasion to a heartless practical joke.

There was quartered in a provincial town of France a veteran of the Old Guard who was firmly convinced of the future coming of the Emperor, and who would descant upon this topic at a *cafe* he used to frequent at such a length as alternately to amuse and bore a party of young men whom he used to meet there, and who would often draw the old man out.

One day it became known to them that a certain relative of Napoleon who bore a striking resemblance to him would enter the town that night in command of a detachment of troops.

Seeing an opportunity of indulging in a joke at the old man's expense, they told him, as a great secret, that his hopes were about to be realized, and that, if he desired to witness the Emperor's return, he should get himself placed on duty that night at the gate of the town.

The veteran did so, and, palpitating with joy and expectancy, awaited the appointed hour. It came, the sound of drums approached, the troops entered the place, and at their head rode one whose calm face and clear cut features awakened in the old soldier's mind memories of the glorious past.

In an agony of joy he exclaimed, "It is he!" dropped his musket, threw up his arms, and, with a cry of "*Vive! Empereur!*" fell dead.

SCARCITY OF YOUNG MEN.—A writer on a New York paper talking about the scarcity of young men at the summer resorts, says that "the wail this year is more deep and heartfelt than it has been for many seasons past."

He added: If things go on at the present rate before long the Government will be importuned to take a hand in supplying the summer resorts with young men. Their scarcity bids fair to rank as a public grievance. Some of the published lists of the entertainments given at the watering places are curiously suggestive. In one despatch from Narragansett, for instance, on Sunday the details of a 'delightful impromptu picnic' were given. A list of the guests were appended. There were four young men and twenty seven young women. At an 'informal' dance in Newport on the same day it was said for the first time in the history of that famous watering place girls danced with one another since there were not men enough to go around. Such a condition of things as this at Newport is absolutely unprecedented. It is not difficult to find out where the young men are by the way. They are grinding away in New York, and a candid and unprejudiced survey of the field gives the impression that in view of all the circumstances they are doing pretty well.

"Did you get over your love for that girl whom you met at Newport?"

"Yes—that is, I was fool enough to marry her, and—'sh! here she comes. Here I am, dearing."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In 1880 there was about 200 000 commercial travelers in the United States. To-day the number is estimated at 400 000.

A citizen of Belfast, Me., was awakened about 4 o'clock the other morning by a strange noise, and, going to the window, saw about thirty robins fighting a crow, which was trying to get at a robin's nest in a nearby tree, containing some young birds. The robins finally drove off the crow. The man went down the tree and found one young robin on the ground dead, while two others were safe in the nest. The crow was on a piratical expedition, and but for the valiant fight of the robins would have undoubtedly killed all the young.

The electric light has puzzled the bees in Jamaica. A beekeeper living near a large hotel being built at Kingston recently found his hives in the utmost confusion, with many bees lying about exhausted or dead. The electric light was used at the hotel in order that the building operations should continue all night, so the bees mistook the light for daylight and would go out to hunt pollen around the neighborhood thus illuminated. When they came home they found that the real day was dawning, and they flew off again without any rest till they literally worked themselves to death.

A writer on London "Notes and Queries," commenting on Americanisms, quotes the following words which need translation for English readers: Candy, stores, mucilage, dry goods, supper, lunch, rubbers, clerk, fire a rock, bureau, an elevator, freight train, get up, hurry up or hustle, say. Here are their English equivalents: Sweets, shops, gum, drapery, tea (the meal), supper, goloshes, shopman, throw a stone, chest of drawers, a lift, gee up, be quick, I say. "Gum," in America, is a confection to chew. Space, he says, will not permit his making known the American meaning of the words "cheat-nuts," "rats" and "fix."

A discussion has been going on of late concerning the distance at which large objects on the earth's surface are visible. Emile Metzger mentions that he once saw Kaiserpiekt in Sumatra, when separated from it by a distance of 110 English miles; he also states that on very favorable occasions he has seen Guy Merapi in Java, 180 miles away. Mont Blanc has been seen at various times at distances of 120 and 180 miles. Whymper, the explorer, when in Greenland, saw plainly a mountain peak, from which he was separated by 150 miles. The whole range of the Swiss Alps has been looked upon by Hippisly at a distance of 200 miles, and Sir W. Jones affirms that the Himalayas have appeared distinct and clear 224 miles off.

A short time ago MM. Jules Simon, Leon Say and Cheysson, in the name of the League for Promoting Sunday Rest for Working People, wrote to the Minister of Public Works to assist them in an appeal to the railway companies. They did not ask him to use any compulsion, but simply to show himself favorable to the objects of the League in asking the companies how they possibly might meet them, and whether it would not be possible to suspend, wholly or partially, goods traffic on Sundays. M. Yves Guyot, in answer, states that he has submitted the application of the League to the railway companies in the hope that they would so arrange the regulations for goods traffic so as to be able to grant one day in seven, or at least a part of one, to those employed.

A curious collection of walking sticks was recently sold in London. It consists of half a dozen of walking sticks, dating most of them with the beginning of the century, and showing well what were the dandy proclivities of the period. Ivory and tortoise shell are the chief materials, not the handles, but of the sticks themselves, the handles being of much more precious stuff. One is of ebony with a gold top. The top opens like a circular snuff box, and in concentric rings are, as an inscription records, locks of the hair of three English Princess. Diamond eyed snakes, with enamel heads, are the decorations of this, costly walking stick, which is very heavy and nearly four feet long. Pope has a line praising a top famous for "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." One of these canes is here, the handle of clouded amber. A stout hazel set in gold, which is among the collection, comes nearer to a utilitarian cane of to-day.

Our Young Folks.

WINNING THE PRIZE.

BY H. SMITH

"THIS day three weeks we shall be home again," cried Freddy Norman, as he rushed into the play ground after breakfast. "Hurrah! holidays in three weeks, Joe!"

Joe was his friend in the class, and the two lads, putting their arms round each other, strolled about, chatting.

"Well, what are you two plotting?" inquired Bob Radley, as he stopped them by extending his arms in front of the pair.

"Holiday larks; no more lessons after ten days! Then the exam., then the prize giving and home, Bob! Jolly isn't it?"

"Yes, jolly enough, I daresay; but those examinations must come first, and I don't like them," said Bob.

"Joe wants the class-prize if he can get it, because he has never yet succeeded; and his uncle has promised him a pony if he gets it," said Freddy Norman.

"Why, you can beat him easy!" exclaimed Bob. "He has no chance!"

"But I am almost sure of the French prize, so I don't intend to try much for the other. Besides, Joe won't have his pony unless he gets it," said Freddy.

"And are you such a muff to give up your prize to him? Well, you *are* silly! I declare I will have a try now," cried Bob. I *have* a chance if you don't go in!"

"Oh, Bob, you wouldn't spoil Joe's holidays! He may never have another offer of a pony—however, you have not much chance anyway."

"I will beat Joe *anyway*," retorted Bob. "A pretty idea indeed if I can't try because he wants a pony! Pretty dear, did it want a little goe goe then? its mammy shall buy it a rocking horse for its nursery, she shall!"

As he said this, teasingly, Bob Radley pulled Joe Paston's hair, and chucked him rudely under the chin. Joe drew back and looked very angry, and said—

"Don't you do that again, Bob Radley, or I will give you something in return. Now mind."

But Bob, of course, *did* pull Joe's hair again, and called him names; and there was a quarrel and then a fight in which Bob, greatly to his astonishment, received a good beating.

The combat was quickly stopped; but Bob Radley lost no opportunity to tease and annoy Joe afterwards, though he took care not to annoy him *too* much for fear of being again thrashed or punished for fighting.

So the days passed on. Every day the two friends Norman and Paston walked in the playground after breakfast and rubbed out one date from the wall.

They had put down the days in order, and every morning they drew a pencil through the date previous.

Then only eight days were left; Sunday came and then the examinations on the Monday.

All this while good-natured Freddy had been "coaching" his friend, for he was determined to help him to win the prize. He therefore taught him his arithmetic and Euclid; he called it "coaching."

But Bob also was working and making all kinds of notes. Of course, there was no reason why he should not try to gain the prize, but everyone knew he was idle and lazy generally, and that like a spiteful fellow as he was, he only tried to win it because he did not want Joe Paston to have it.

This was a very unworthy motive, and not at all the spirit in which a good boy would have acted.

The class prize, I must tell you, was the principal reward at Camden House School. Besides the ordinary work, a boy had to pass well in his examinations, and those who did not pass well, were not allowed to go in for the class prizes.

There were three given amongst the school, one in each division, and the examination varied according to ages and classes; but any boy, if he thought he had a good chance, went up to the difficult examination.

Joe Paston was going in for the middle examination; and Bob, who wanted to beat him, had to go up for it also, as he was in the same classes, in the same division of the school.

The ordinary examinations were over. Day by day the candidates had marched into the school-room and were seated at their desks, not all together in classes but mixed up.

The next boy had not the same question as Joe had, so he could not copy anything, though I hope he would not have copied.

On the Wednesday afternoon the head master came into the school-room to read out the names of the best candidates—those who could go in for the big prizes next day. Friday was the prize-giving day, and on the Saturday the school would break up.

There was generally great fun on the Friday night: a little supper, and some quiet old-fashioned songs after in the long school room.

When the master came in he read the names aloud—Crafer, Jones, Middleton and so on until he came to Paston, Radley, and Norman.

Then he invited all the boys to supper in the name of the head master as usual, and was loudly cheered.

All the boys sang "He's a jolly good fellow," in chorus, but they did not say who was the good fellow, the head master or his deputy. Never mind.

As the lads went upstairs to bed that night Freddy whispered to his "chum" Joe—

"Are you certain about your decimals? They will be stiff to-morrow, I can tell you, because Old Moser will examine you—

"Why do you say, 'you?' Will you not go in?"

"No, Joe; you may have a fair run. Besides, I had the 'French' yesterday, and *may* get the 'good conduct,' you know. My mother will be delighted if I do, because she thinks me such a regular horror at home sometimes—and I *am* a bit noisy!"

"Is old Moser very particular?" asked Joe, who felt rather nervous.

"Rather!" replied Freddie. "Why, he examined us in Latin, and gave us, "Humtius in muro consedit Dumtius alto" to translate, with the other verses, into English rhymes. I knew the catch, and wrote "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

This was terrible, and when Joe went in for his examination next day he found Mr. Moser very strict. He sat behind Bob Radley, and guess his astonishment when he saw him reading the answers from a book, and copying.

Mr. Moser had a cane in his hand with which he slapped the desks, and called the boys' attention to his problems, pointing with it, and so on. Suddenly waking from a nap, apparently, he hurried from his desk, and addressing Bob said quickly—

"What have you got there?"

Bob was going to say "nothing," but the master's hand was almost on the lad's sleeve.

"Give it to me! Ha," he said as the miserable Radley handed up the book, "I see you have been 'cribbing,' as you call it. Very well, young sir, what is your name?"

"Bob, I mean Robert Radley, sir—I—I am very—sorry——"

"Sorry indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Moser. "Yes, sorry you have been found out! Go down sir! Go out of the hall! I will disgrace you!"

"Oh, sir, please don't expel me," cried the unhappy Bob; "it was one question, sir!"

"Only one! Perhaps it was the most important," cried Mr. Moser. "Pack up your paper," he continued, slapping the desk with his cane in a way that made Bob jump and quiver. "Go away, sir!"

"Oh, sir, I will never do it again. Let me stay, sir!" whimpered Bob.

"No," shouted Mr. Moser. "You were cheating! You are dishonorable! Go away! Leave the hall!"

All the other lads saw and heard what was going on. Mr. Moser was very stern and determined. He watched Bob packing up his papers, but he kept the Euclid from which the culprit had copied. He returned to his desk, and rapped for silence and attention.

"Let this be a warning to you all," he said; "that boy is disgraced!" (Bob nearly cried at this.) "I am watching you; and if I find any one of you copying, you shall be expelled!"

This fearful threat kept everyone silent.

Bob Radley left in tears. Miserable and humble, he quitted the school-room, and nearly all the boys were sorry, in their way; but he did not deserve much sympathy.

"After all it serves him right," said they. "He had no business to 'crib.'"

Nor had he. But the most unpleasant part for him was when Joe was declared the winner of the prize. The head master confessed that Radley's papers in the first examination had been very good; and if he had not tried to do too much and use books of reference he might have won the prize, as his other answers were so good.

He lost it. Joe won it, and had his pony in the holidays. But the trial was not lost on Bob Radley. He had learned a good deal when trying to beat Joe, and turned his learning honestly to some purpose. When he went back to school he was quieter, more humbled, and less teasing; and I am glad to tell that in the following half-year—there were no "terms" then—Robert Radley received the middle prize; Freddy Norman got the first class reward at the same time; nor was his friend Joe much behind him.

LUCY AND ROBERT.

BY A. E. C.

LUCY'S aunt gave her a pretty new chair made of rosewood, and it had rockers to it, and a cushion of crimson velvet in it, for Lucy to sit upon.

Now, Lucy had a little brother named Robert, and he was two years old; and Lucy was so unkind as not to let the dear little fellow sit in the chair, for she said that if he once sat in it he would always be wanting to sit there, and that he would be sure to spoil it; and so she would not let him sit in it at all.

Well, Robert's aunt gave him a pretty little carriage, painted green, with two nice soft seats in it; and one morning Betsy, the nursemaid, took him out for a ride. And so, when Lucy saw the carriage standing at the door, and heard little Robert laughing and clapping his hands, for joy at the thought of the ride, she said to her mother.

"Please, mother, may I have a ride with brother Robert?"

"No, my dear Lucy," said her mother, "I can not permit you to ride with your brother, until you learn to do to him as you would have him to do to you; you know my dear child, that you have not acted in a proper manner towards him with respect to your chair; your brother is a little child, three years younger than yourself, and your actions and conduct ought to be a good and pleasant guide to this dear little one; but instead of that, you would teach him to be selfish and unkind."

Just then, Betsy lifted little Robert into the carriage, and it went away down the smooth gravel walk, and out into the pleasant green fields.

And Lucy turned away from the window, grieved in spirit and full of sorrow; and sitting down in her pretty chair, she began to think how naughty she had been.

Now, the velvet cushion did not feel so soft as it had before felt, neither did the rockers move so lightly as usual; and Lucy knew not what to do.

Oh! how she did long for her brother's return, that she might begin to behave more kindly to him.

As soon as little Robert came home again he ran into the parlor where Lucy was, and filled her lap with flowers, and began telling her, as plainly as he could speak, of the pleasant ride he had, of the many little birds he had heard singing, and of the pretty little fishes he had seen in the pond.

Then Lucy gave him a kiss, and lifted him into her new chair, and told him that he might sit in it whenever he pleased.

And when he began rocking himself, and Lucy heard him laugh, and saw him so glad, she felt a great deal more pleasure than ever she had felt when sitting in it herself; and she hoped in her heart that she should be naughty and selfish no more.

The next day Lucy's mother said to her.

"My dear Lucy, you may take a ride with Robert in his carriage this morning, for I see that you intend to be a better child in future."

And so Lucy and Robert had a very pleasant ride, and on their way they called upon their aunt, who was very glad to see them, and gave them each a piece of plum-cake.

And Lucy's aunt asked her how she liked her new chair, and she said that she liked it very much; but she did not omit telling her how selfish and unkind she had been towards her dear little brother; but that she was sorry for her conduct and hoped to become a better child.

And so her aunt gave her a little kind advice, and told her, she hoped she would never forget, that we ought to be kind to every one if we wish to receive kindness ourselves.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity will suffice to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour.

The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; that is, about twice as high as St. Paul's church in London, and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month.

The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance.

Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains.

The gigantic Rio de la Plata, has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, ships are seen, which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, which, on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current of an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spire.

TEXAS.—The Camanches Indians claim to be the lineal descendants of the Empire of Montezuma, and the only legitimate owners of the whole Mexican country. The chiefs say that when Cortez landed in Mexico, he found the country torn to pieces by factions, and was enabled, by employing the dissaffected chiefs to raise a force to seize upon their capital.

These people believed that if they should destroy the power of Montezuma, they could dispatch the Spaniards, and have the control of the country in their own hands. But when too late they ascertained that they had introduced a hardy master, and that unconditional servitude was all they had to expect.

They were required to change their ancient religion, and thousands of them were sent off to work in the mines, from which they rarely made their escape.

A great portion bowed to the conqueror, and became serfs and slaves to the Spaniards, but a few of the noblest and best preferred exile to servitude and set out on a pilgrimage to the North, to find a land where they could enjoy their ancient institutions in peace.

They travelled for many weeks and at last came to the great river of the North—the Rio Grande—where they encamped, and sent out twenty chosen men to examine the adjacent country. They crossed the great river, and ascended one of the highest peaks of the mountain, which overlooked the adjacent plain.

The prairie was covered with buffalo, deer and antelopes, and they thought they had reached the happy hunting ground: and the word "Tehas! Tehas!" burst from every tongue. It was decided unanimously that it should be their future home, and that the country should go by the name furnished by the Great Spirit.

Tehas is the Camanche name for the residence of the happy spirits in the other world, where they shall enjoy eternal felicity, and have plenty of deer and buffalo always at hand.

By taking the sound as they pronounced it, and giving it the Spanish orthography, it gives us the word "Texas," which is the "happy hunting ground," or the Elysium, of the Camanches. This is the true history of the name, as derived from Isowacany himself.

OYSTERS.—Speaking roughly, a quart of oysters contains, on the average, about the same quantity of active nutritive substance as a quart of milk, or a pound of very lean beef, or a pound and a half of fresh codfish, or two-thirds of a pound of bread.

But while the weight of actual nutriment in the different quantities of food named is very nearly the same, the quantity is widely different.

That of the very lean meat or codfish consists mostly of what are called, in chemical language, protein compounds or "flesh formers"—the substance which makes blood, muscle, tendon, bone, brain, and other nitrogenous tissues.

That of the bread contains but little of these, and consists chiefly of starch, with a little fat and other compounds which serve the body as fuel, and supply it with heat and muscular power.

The nutritive substance of oysters contains considerable of both the flesh-forming and the more especially heat and force-giving ingredients.

Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food; their values for supplying the body with material to build up its parts, repair its wastes and furnish it with heat and energy would be pretty nearly the same.

NONE of us can live well by an occasional good resolution, any more than a seed can grow into a healthy plant by being used as a common plaything, and only now and then put into the earth for a minute or two. Everything depends on storing up in ourselves, by a habit of well-doing, a great and an ever-increasing fudd of moral power which shall be available to brace us against sudden temptation and help us to carry out better purposes.

GOOD-BYE.

BY ELEANOR NINA NASH.

Good-bye for an hour—good-bye for a day—
Good-bye for a lifetime, dear!
Turn and look back, and wave your hand;
Smile, and shed never a tear.

You have a hope, and so have I—
Good-bye for a lifetime, sweet!
The path is lonely, the way is wild;
In the end we two shall meet.

Some day you'll kiss your dead love's face,
And hold your dead love's hand,
And feel what this parting cost, sweetheart;
Yes—then you will understand!

Good-bye—good-bye—take a kiss and go,
And say when you pray, "God knows,"
The waves are rough, but the haven's sure,
For the light on the beacon shows.

See—I am brave! We cannot cross
The gulf that is stretched between.
Good-bye—good-bye! Ah, the hardest part
Is to picture what might have been!

MISTAKES OF THE LAW.

Even in our own time instances now and than occur in which a grave miscarriage of justice is perpetrated, but such cases were much less uncommon in days gone by, when the criminal laws were more stringent than now, and when there existed a more rough-and ready system of administering punishment.

A curious case is related in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1754. A gentleman died, leaving a considerable fortune to his only daughter, aged eighteen, and in the event of her death, the property was to go to his brother, whom he appointed guardian of his daughter.

The uncle took his niece to live with him in a house near Epping Forest, and shortly afterwards she mysteriously disappeared.

It transpired that she had gone out for a walk in the forest with her guardian, and that at night he returned home without her, explaining that she had loitered behind, and he had been unable to find her. It was at once suspected that she had been the victim of foul play on the part of her uncle, and he was arrested.

A woman then came forward who swore that on the day of the young lady's disappearance she had heard two voices in altercation in the forest, and that she had distinctly heard the words, "Don't kill me, uncle! don't kill me!" after which there was a report of firearms, and she had fled in terror. The uncle was condemned and executed.

Ten days later the young lady herself reappeared. It seemed that while in the forest the uncle and niece had quarrelled about a young gentleman who wished to marry the girl, but to whom the guardian was opposed; and the niece had said, "If I do not marry him it will be my death, and don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me!" the very words which had been overheard and had led to the uncle's execution. The next instant a man was seen discharging a gun at a wood pigeon.

The disappearance was explained by the fact that the girl's lover, according to a preconcerted plan, was waiting for her with horses at a certain spot to which she had hurried on escaping from her uncle. The couple were married on the same day, and went to France for their honeymoon.

On their return they were horror stricken to find that the uncle had been executed for a crime that had never been committed.

The case of Jonathan Bradford affords a strange illustration of the marvellous action of circumstantial evidence. Bradford kept a wayside inn on the London Road near Oxford, and had the reputation of being a respectable man. One night a gentleman of fortune named Hayes, put up at the house, and in conversation with two other guests unguardedly mentioned that he had a considerable sum of money with him.

In due time the guests retired to their respective chambers, and in the middle of the night the two gentlemen who had spoken with Mr. Hayes, and who shared a double bedded room, heard deep groans in an adjoining bed chamber.

They instantly arose and proceeded silently to the door of the apartment from which the sounds of agony had seemed to come, and through the partly opened door they saw a sight which filled them with with consternation.

On the bed was Mr. Hayes, with blood issuing from wounds, and standing over him, with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other, was Bradford, the landlord. They entered the room, seized Bradford, disarmed him, and charged him with being the murderer.

Bradford declared himself innocent of the crime, but his denials were of no avail; he was arrested and subsequently tried, condemned, and executed for the murder.

Some time afterwards, a man who had been in the service of Mr. Hayes as footman, made a death-bed confession of having committed the murder for which Jonathan Bradford had been hanged.

But the strangest thing of all in connection with this horrible affair was the fact that Bradford had really gone to the room of Mr. Hayes with the intent to murder him, and on finding himself forestalled had been so astounded that in his agitation he dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which means both his hands and the weapon became bloody.

This was the explanation which Bradford had made to the clergyman who attended him in his last moments, but who at the time put little faith in his statement.

Mistaken identity has been responsible for many judical wrongs. The circumstances connected with a robbery in York, in which one Thomas Geddeley was concerned, may be cited as an example.

Geddeley was a waiter at a public house kept by Mrs. Hannah Williams, and on a certain morning when it was discovered that the landlady's private drawers had been broken open and robbed, he mysteriously disappeared.

About a year ago afterwards, a man, calling himself James Crow, came to work in the city as a porter, and he was frequently accosted as Thomas Geddeley by those who had known the former waiter at the house of Mrs. Williams, and that lady herself picked him out from a number of people, and charged him with the robbery. He was tried for the crime, and in spite of his repeated protestations that he was not Thomas Geddeley, and that he had never been in York before, was found guilty and subsequently executed.

Some time afterwards the real Thomas Geddeley turned up in Dublin, being arrested, tried, and condemned there for another robbery. Between his conviction and execution, and again on the scaffold, he confessed to being the very Thomas Geddeley who had robbed Mrs. Williams in York.

It is some satisfaction to know that in these days the slenderest thread of doubt is seized upon as sufficient to avert the death punishment.

A MAN who habitually indulges in violent rage is laying up for himself a store of ills against advancing age, the least of which may be a general palsy—the greatest, a sudden and fatal fit of apoplexy.

Grains of Gold.

Cant is the twin sister of hypocrisy.

He who is penitent is almost innocent.

Most pleasures embrace us but to strangle.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

The proud are always most provoked by pride.

Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.

The indolence of the soul is the decay of the body.

All kinds of self pity should be sparingly used.

Ability is of little account without opportunity.

There is nothing certain in man's life but this, that he must lose it.

It is a great art to be superior to others without letting them know it.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.

There are some errors so sweet that we repent them only to bring them to memory.

The man who is trying to climb up finds lots of heels above him and lots of fists behind him.

The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes half the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

Be yourself! Ape no greatness. Be willing to pass for what you are. A good fartuing is better than a bad sovereign. Affect no oddness; but dare to be right though you have to be singular.

Femininities.

Sin is ugly, but she knows how to fix herself.

Man is a fool and woman is thrown in for good measure.

To be truly and really independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

He: "I'll never marry a strong-minded woman." She: "No; I don't think you will."

There are times when even the milk of human kindness takes a turn and is liable to sour.

Upon birthdays and at Christmas Mr. Cleveland always presents his wife with diamonds.

It is only those who have character and principles themselves who are qualified to praise character in others.

Kind words cost only a little thought, a little self-control, a little effort; but their fruits are manifold and weighty.

A philosopher being asked what was the first thing necessary to win the love of a woman, answered "Opportunity."

Many New York people who have a taste for ice cream are trying the fad of eating Boston brown bread with their cream.

Moral courage will always rank higher than physical. The one is a daily necessity, while the other may be required only in emergencies.

"I heard a compliment for you last night, Miriam." "What was it, Lizzie?" Colonel Bronson said you were exceedingly well-preserved."

Blobson says he never had but one early flame and that one has made him keep old times in remembrance ever since by kindling the kitchen fire at six o'clock.

It is hard for some of us to accomplish anything that is truly great and good, but we all find it easy enough to sneer at our neighbor's efforts in the same direction.

A manufacturer of one of the standard typewriters on the market says that there are 75,000 women who make a living in this country by running the machines.

Paint the tongues of your fever patients with glycerine, says a physician; it will remove the sensation of thirst and discomfort felt when the organ is dry and foul.

At the wedding of Miss Theresa Fair in San Francisco the rooms were hung with draperies of white silk muslin, while the ices were served in cases of brocade silk.

"Sh!" exclaimed Tommy, listening at the door. "There's company in the parlor." "How do you know?" inquired Willie. "Mamma's calling papa 'my love.'"

A young man in Findlay, Ohio, whose affianced died about a year ago, has now cut all the gossips there talking by eloping with the girl's mother—a woman almost 50 years old.

Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. He they ever so old they grow young again with that conversation and renew their own early times.

Much has been said about the married man and his hair, the mother-in-law and the mule, but for downright ten-ply stubbornness nothing gets the start of the man who claims to know it all.

American millionaire, in Paris, proudly: "My daughter is being waited upon by a Duke." Old traveler: "Well, Dukes make excellent waiters. There are several of them in our restaurant, too."

Marriage is not always a success because there are so many bad husbands. The truly good husband is always gentle, kind and helpful to his wife's relations, and works hard every day to save something for her second spouse.

Ardent lover: "When does your birthday come, dear?" Object of his affections: "It comes on Christmas Day, Harold." Ardent lover, with eye to future economy in the matter of presents: 'Good! Let's be married on Christmas Day, Maud!"

A Cincinnati barber who has considerable trade in ladies' hair-dressing says: "The practice of dyeing hair among the women is dying out. Still we do a good business in the dyeing of bangs. We cut bangs and fluff them, and in some instances dye them.

There are now three female dentists in New York, all of whom are thoroughly qualified to practice the profession. Only one of them is a specialist. She is a clever and handsome young Jewess, and she has studied the work of filling teeth with a great deal of attention for several years.

Harry Burgess, of near Ionia, Mich., is 12 years old and a hero. He and two smaller children were alone in the house, when it caught fire. He did not lose his head and leave the baby to burn, but carried him out to a place of safety, sent the other child to call the neighbors, and then organized himself into a fire company. He subdued the flames only after they had entirely consumed a bed and had spread to the wall and floor, but he had them out before help arrived.

The following letter, addressed "To My Dear Mamma in Heaven," was found among the mails at the Cincinnati postoffice the other day:

HOME

DEAR MAMMA—I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven. I want to go to you. The time seams so long. You said I could come to you. Mrs. Clark is so kind to me, but she is not like you. you sho this to god and send for me sune. My arm hurts me so, and you sed I would be well in heaven. I send a kiss. From your little DORA.

"I had a female acquaintance who lived at the foot of a hill in North Brookfield, Minn., on whose slope was a small graveyard. At the bottom of the slope was the well which supplied her with water. One day a friend from Boston, a doctor, visited her, and when he took a walk after dinner was horrified at discovering the dire possibilities of the drainage from the location of the tombs into the well. He rushed into the house to remonstrate, but after he had told his horrible tale all the woman said was: 'Oh, I reckon 'twon't hurt me any. Them's mostly my relations that's buried up yonder.'"

Masculinities.

Try to teach your son that there is no such thing as an unloaded pistol.

For age and want save while you may; no morning sun lasts a whole day.

It is well to make the best of this world, for you'll never get out of it alive.

Of the two I prefer those who render vice lovable to those who degrade virtue.

The only time the average woman never talks back is when she accepts your seat in a street car.

The devil has never begged anybody to give him his dues. He will look after them in due time.

A Louisville physician a few days ago married his sixth wife. He is 81 and she is 40 years younger.

He who never sacrifices a present to a future good or a general one can speak of happiness only as the blind speak of color.

A painter hurt in Manchester, O., after lying unconscious for three hours, laughed and said, "I am not hurt," and then expired.

Ivan Ivanovitch, aged 105 years, has just departed this life in Russia, after having gone to bed drunk every blessed night for eighty-seven years.

"Do you think that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts?" "I do, for I have noticed that the talkative man never reveals any thought."

Why is it that one wakes up at 4 A. M. quite rested and fresh, turns over, sleeps soundly for four hours, and once more awakens, tired out and awfully sleepy?

A Birmingham man, while under the influence of drink, knocked off his great toe with a hammer, imagining that he was cutting his throat with a carving knife.

Lincoln, Me., has a blind man who is a clever croquet player. He plays by information as to direction and by measuring the distance by walking to the object ball.

A census enumerator discovered three men in Taylor county, Fla., each of whom owns 13 dogs, and that is why we are given no other information concerning them, probably.

In the moonlight. She: "Quick, look out! You must not let them see you with your arm around my waist." He: "Oh, I don't care. I would run any risk for your sake."

One great trouble in doing a mean action is that you are compelled to associate with yourself afterward, if you could only have "nothing to do with a man who was guilty of such meanness" it would be a relief.

First young lady, examining directory in drug store: "I cannot find the name in this directory, Ethel." Second young lady: "No? What shall we do?" "Let us go to another drug store and examine their directory."

D.: "Your cheek is all swollen up. What caused it?" K.: "I made a bet with Jones. He bet that inside of 24 hours a painful accident would happen to me, and just as the 24 hours were about up he hit me a slap on the jaw and won the money."

A curious method of suicide was adopted by a Newark, Ohio, man, who, placing a sabre in the ground, point upward, threw his weight on it with the intention of piercing the heart. The attempt, however failed, the blade striking a rib.

It is stated that a Bohemian has discovered a combination of chemicals, by the use of which the hardest stones can be dissolved and moulded into any shape, the "cast being as hard as flint, translucent and capable of taking on a brilliant lustre."

A short time ago the English Bishop of St. Asaph referred, in the course of a speech, at some function in his diocese, to "his younger and rasher days," but the local papers reported him as having deplored his "younger and masher days."

A local paper relates that the Mayor of Keytesville, Mo., was arrested the other day for a violation of a city ordinance, which prohibits the throwing of paper in the streets. The city Marshal caught him in the act, and the Mayor fined himself $1 for the offence.

A man who has been watching the careers of the pages in Congress says that only a few of them turn out well. Some of the brightest of them find their way into jails and inebriate asylums. The moral of this is that a boy should be kept out of bad company, if possible.

Berlin has a stenographer with a unique specialty. He attends all funerals of prominent persons and takes down verbatim the addresses of the officiating clergymen. Then he prepares highly ornamented copies of the addresses and sells them to the friends of the eulogized dead. His business is so good that he has taken one assistant and has advertised for another.

A young woman requested Moltke and Bismarck to write in her album. The Marshal wrote: "Falsehood passes away, truth remains.—Von Moltke, Field Marshal." Bismarck took the pen and added: "I know very well that truth will prevail in the next world; but, in the meantime, a Field Marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world.—Von Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire."

The children of G. W. Meadows, of Harrison, Georgia, have four living great-grandmothers and two living grandmothers. The youngest great-grandmother is 78, while the oldest is 92; the youngest grandmother is 56, and the oldest is 58. There is a peculiarity connected with the eventful life of these oldest grandmothers, and that is that each one of them has had her right arm broken. The ladies are all widows.

At Bristol, England, are two young artisans who are the prize twins of the world. They are of the same height and weight; have eyes, hair and complexion of the same color; walk, speak, laugh and sing exactly alike; follow the same occupation; have the same religious persuasion and likes and dislikes; are both married and have the same number of children, who are of the same sexes—three boys and three girls.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The August number of the *Popular Science Monthly* opens with "Common Sense applied to the Tariff Question." The other articles are: "Sanitary Work in great Disasters;" "Missions and Mission Indians of California;" "Ancient and Modern Ideas of Hell;" "Evolution and the Distribution of Animals;" "Centres of Ideation in the Brain;" "A Queer Pet, or Devil's Riding Horse;" "The Uses of Animal Color;" "Mental Strain;" "The Discovery of Invisible Worlds;" and "Thunder Storms." The departments are well filled. D. Appleton and Company, publishers, New York.

POCKETS OF OTHER DAYS.—What would men do in these days without pockets? A purse, a handkerchief, a watch, a knife, a lead pencil, a memorandum book—these are only some of the things that a man must have always upon his person.

As for the schoolboy, it would be idle to attempt a catalogue of his indispensables in this line. It is no wonder the tailor caters to so universal a taste, and doubtless it is true, as some one has said, that the number of these convenient receptacles in the clothing of a modern man would have been the surprise and envy of the people of antiquity.

The ancient Hebrews carried a pouch, and the Roman matron a handbag, which was, perhaps, the origin of the modern handbag and reticule. This was at first made of netting, but later of leather.

The Roman toga was bound in a knot under the left breast, and a protuberance was there formed, divided into many folds, called a *sinus*, which answered the purpose of a pocket. The Roman matrons concealed valuables about their persons in the upper part of the *strophium*, a kind of corset fitting the waist tightly, yet loose at the top.

Charlemagne carried a travelling pouch suspended from his person. The Saxons had purses, and the Normans, when they went to England, bore the *aulmoniere*, a little purse for alms which was hung from the girdle. The purse, commonly of triangular form, was frequently ornamented with beads and suspended from the girdle.

Bankrupts figuratively gave up their effects to their creditors by putting off their girdle, to which their purse and the keys of their estate were attached. So long as girdles were worn, there were less need of a pocket, for custom and convenience made it a habit to thrust anything within the encircling band.

WHERE FIRE ALMOST GETS COLD.—A person who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travellers in that icy region, some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out of doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not so warm as at least sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course, in such a cave the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells the effect of cold on a wax-candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm.

It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold.

ANSWERED.—Father-in-Law: "Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter, I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house?"

Groom: "I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry and they'd go away."

EYES AND THEIR MEANING.

Some poetical gentleman has called the eye "the window of the soul," and at all times and among nearly all people it is regarded as the great feature of expression; that is, by persons who are neither amateurs in, nor professors of, that quasi science called physiognomy.

These gentlemen devote their time and treatises as much to the nose as to the eyes, propounding rules of characters deducted from the wrinkles on the forehead and warts on the cheek, writing learnedly on the lineaments of the cheek, the signification of the chin, the index of the mouth, and a score of other diversities of feature.

First, as to the eyes as a feature in national physiognomy. Lavater, when discussing this question, gives the following as the result of his observation:

"That the Italians have small eyes; the Germans light-colored eyes, surrounded with many wrinkles; the English strong, open, liberal, and steadfast eyes; and the Swiss dull eyes."

The Lapianders, according to Buffon, have narrow eyes, the pupils of a yellow, inclining to a black, and the eyelids retiring towards the temple.

The eyes of the Tartars, he says, are small and sunken, the eyebrows large, covering the eyes, and the eyelids thick.

The eyes of the Chinese are small, their eyebrows large and the eyelids raised.

The New Hollander had a dull, black eye, thick eyebrows, and eyelids half shut—a habit acquired in infancy to preserve the eyes from the gnats.

To the Spaniard, Buffon gives "good eyes;" to the Goths, blue eyes; and to the Finlanders, heavy lids and the iris of a deep yellow.

Winckelman holds the opinion that the shape and color of the eyes are very largely the result of climatic and other direct conditions. Thus he says, the small, half-closed, blinking eyes of the Esquimaux are due to Nature's attempt to preserve the sight from the dry, cold air and the effusion of light from the snow amidst which they live.

The small eyes of all the distant and northern nations, he says in another place, are in consequence of the imperfection of their growth.

It is upon the authority of a philosophic writer named De Pauw that the Peruvian has an eye the apple of which is black and the white not very clear.

This reminds us of a description of a Senegambian's eye, which has been likened to a boiled prune set in a plover's egg. Another authority states that the eye of the Turks is devoid of passion or great enterprise, but that it is eloquent in all the penetration of benevolent cunning.

This writer also says that the "silent eye" of the Englishman "seeks not to please;" that the eye of the Frenchman is "vivacious and unstable;" that the Italian's is "ardent;" and that the Dutchman's is "half open and without thought."

Eyes have always been regarded as tribal indications. Tacitus for example, describes the Germans as "fierce, with blue eyes and red hair."

The Celts are described as swarthy and dark eyed, the Gauls are red-haired and light-eyed, while the Nubians and Egyptians have always been spoken of as dark-eyed.

These characteristics have not apparently changed, and it may be said roundly that the people of the temperate zone have generally light colored eyes, while those of the extreme zones are dark.

Of the races, the only one that can be said to be light eyed is the Caucasian, and even this race is by no means uniform as to color in its eyes.

The entire human history goes to prove that the light-haired, blue eyed races are capable of the highest degree of civilization, but it does not by any means prove that the highest degree of civilization is confined to the blonde races.

There was a period when blue-eyed persons were rarely seen, and to-day seven-eighths of the world's inhabitants have dark eyes.

Not only is the majority on the side of the dark eyed, but statistics would seem to indicate that that majority is increasing.

In a paper read some time ago before the Swedish Anthropological Society, it was stated that brown eyes were becoming more common in Switzerland, North Germany, Belgium, and Sweden, and that out of every one hundred sets of light-eyed parents fifty-six per cent. of the children had dark eyes.

In this calculation, blue-grey and grey eyes were classified as blue, and, if there is any weight to be attached to the report, it would show that blue eyes, even in a blue-eyed country, are becoming decidedly scarce, which ought to be good news for the blondes.

It will be appropriate here to quote a paragraph or two from Lavater concerning the color of eyes. "The most common to the eyes," he writes, "are the orange, yellow, green, blue, gray, and gray mixed with white.

"The blue and orange are most predominant and are often found in the same eye."

"Eyes supposed to be black," says Buffon, "are only yellow, brown or a deep orange; to convince ourselves of which we need but look at them closely, for when seen at a distance, or turned towards the light, they appear to be black, because the yellow-brown color is so contrasted to the white of the eye that the opposition makes it supposed black.

"Eyes, also, of a less dark color pass for black, but are not esteemed so fine as the other because the contrast is not so great. There are also yellow eyes which do not appear black because the colors are not deep enough to be overpowered by the shade.

It is not uncommon to perceive shades of orange, yellow, gray, and blue in the same eye, and wherever blue appears, however small the tincture, it becomes the predominant color and appears in streaks over the whole iris.

"The finest eyes are those which we imagine to be black or blue. Vivacity and fire, which are the principal characteristics to the eyes, are the more emitted when the colors are deep and contrasted than when slightly shaded.

Black eyes have most strength of expression and most vivacity, but the blue have most mildness and are more arch.

In the former there is an ardor uninterruptedly bright, because the color which appears to us uniform, emits similar reflections every way we look at it. But modifications are distinguished in the light which animates blue eyes, because there are various tints of color producing various reflections.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Sixty drops of liquid makes one teaspoonful.

Two teaspoonfuls of liquid make one dessert-spoonful.

Two dessert-spoonfuls of liquid or four teaspoonfuls make one tablespoonful.

One tablespoonful of liquid makes one half ounce.

Four tablespoonfuls of liquid make one wineglass full, or two ounces.

Sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid make one half pint.

Eight tablespoonfuls of liquid make one gill.

Two wineglasses of liquid make one gill, or one teacupful.

One coffeecupful makes one-half pint.

A heaping quart, or four coffeecupfuls of flour make one pound.

A full tablespoonful of flour makes one-half ounce.

Ten eggs make one pound.

One pint, or two coffeecupfuls of granulated sugar make one pound.

Two and one-half cupfuls of pulverized sugar make one pound.

One pint of broken loaf sugar makes one pound.

One tablespoonful of butter is one ounce.

One pint of soft butter makes one pound.

One cupful of butter makes one half pound.

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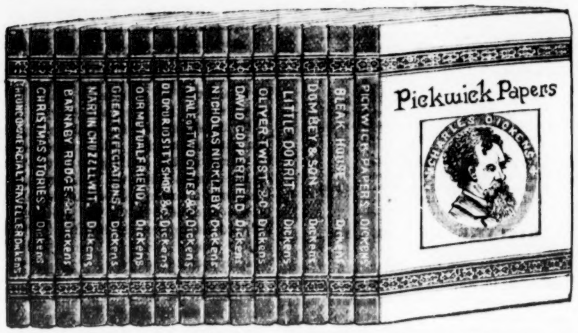

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Humorous.

LIFE'S LOTTERY.

(WITH A DRAWING)

They stood together under the stars,
Young and fair, and for once alone,
She, with the blush-rose of love on her cheek,
He, hoping and wishing, yet fearing to speak,
'Till the moment for speaking had flown.

Time swept relentless. When next they met,
In her husband's carriage she passed—a queen.
"Even so," he thought, with a bitter sigh,
"Did the chance for happiness pass me by,
That night when it might have been?

Again he stood with a beating heart,
And pondered, when through the Summer rain
A mournful procession slowly wound
Its stately way toward the burial ground.
'Twas her husband's funeral train.

* * * * * * *

"And where is the drawing?" the reader cries.
Friend, it is left to your own good sense
To draw from the facts as given above
In the line of your heart's idea of love,
An obvious inference.

—U. N. NONE.

Gait money—A pedestrian's winnings.

An ocean greyhound should be bark rigged.

A great contractor—the girl who laces tightly.

Brought up with a round turn—the caken bucket.

A glittering success—the solitaire engagement ring.

The two best ships in the world—Courtship and friendship.

It requires no self-denial for a pawnbroker to keep the pledge.

"Women can keep a secret," says a Yankee proverb; "but it takes a big crowd of them to do it."

Guest: "What do you mean, waiter? This soup is hot enough to scald a hog." Waiter: "Am dat so, boss? Den you'd better not risk eatin' it till it is cool."

Friend: "I see you have a broad band of crape on your hat. For whom do you wear it?"
Mr. Shabby Genteel: "On account of the mournful condition of the hat itself."

"Yes," remarked Bilkins at the club, "no matter how hurried I may be, I always enjoy my after-dinner smoke. I wouldn't miss it, even if I had to do without my dinner."

"Gentlemen, Ise sorry to say I can't take a han in dat little pokah game dis ebenin'."
"What's de matter?"
"Ise done come away an' fergot my razzer."

"You are not the young lady to whom I give lessons," said the piano teacher.
"No; the young lady to whom you give lessons is sick and she has sent me to practice for her."

Lord Noodles: "Aw, I say, captain, what is that land we see over there?"
Captain: "That is America, my lord."
"Ye don't say! I thought America was a larger country than that."

"It always did puzzle me," said a man once, "to see how these astronomers can foretell eclipses so long before they happen." "Sure that's aisy enough," remarked an Irish friend; "all they have to do is to borry somebody's almanac."

Crusty: "Beauty! Bah! Don't hunt for beauty when you're looking for a marriageable girl, my boy. Beauty wears her heart upon her sleeve, you know."
Youngblood: "Indeed! Then where does she wear it at dress receptions?"

Jones: "Why so down cast?"
Brown: "I lost a magnificent umbrella yesterday."
"Leave it in the car?"
"No; I met the owner of it on the street and he recognized it at once."

Would be facetious teacher: "Boys, there is an old saying that if you give a man an inch, he will take an ell. Now, can you tell me what would be the result if you were to give a man a foot?"
Small but bright boy: "He would kick."

Nobs: "Is Foster such an unpleasant man?"
Bobs: "I should say he is! In a crowded street car the other day he got up and gave his seat to a lady, and then, of course, the other men had to get up, so altogether he made us very uncomfortable."

A man was arrested the other day for forcing his presence upon a charming widow with whom he had fallen desperately in love. When asked by the judge why he was so persistent in pressing his suit, he mournfully replied that he was a tailor by trade, and he could not help it, as it had become second nature to him."

First Indiana lawyer: "These White Caps should be made to feel the full force of the law."
Second Indiana lawyer: "Indeed, they must. They have got the community into such a state of terror that people are afraid to do wrong, and we are likely to starve."

"Eve," he said softly, as they strolled through the park, "let me call you Eve. It will make this place seem still more like the Garden of Eden."
"Certainly, George," replied the bewitching maid, "but I can't call you Adam. You—you are not my first man, you know. Not by several, George."

Lady: "I wish you would call at the office of Mr. Oldrich, No. 909 Fashion avenue, contrive to have some conversation with the venerable gentleman, and so far as you are able examine into his physical condition. I desire to know how long he is likely to live."
Physician: "Certainly. Are you his wife?"
Lady: "No; but I have a chance to be."

AN OLD TRICK.—A pony glass of whisky and a pony glass of water are placed side by side, both glasses brimming full, and a wager made that the liquids can be made to change glasses without pouring either of them out. If the wager is accepted a thin card is placed over the glass of water and held tightly on it while it is turned upside down and placed on top of the pony whisky. The card is then carefully shoved aside until one end of it is a hair's breadth beyond the rims of the glasses, and the whisky will then work itself slowly into the upper glass, the water descending into the lower. Care should be taken that both glasses are full to running over, and the card should be thin and moved aside very slightly, or the opportunity for capillary attraction, on which the perfect completion of the trick depends, will be lost.

A ROTARY ALBUM.—A device called the "photographoscope," for showing photographs one after another, by the turning of a handle, is illustrated this way. It consists of an ornamental frame with a photograph holder behind, and as the handle made on the right is turned, the photographs appear in succession. The number of picture is only limited by the size of the appliance; but twenty-one will probably be sufficient for most private purposes. It is chiefly intended for the drawing-room table, but it may be useful in other circumstances.

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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child of 8 can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

As it may now be regarded as the season for garden parties, and open air fetes of all descriptions, our readers will in all probability appreciate a few designs for dresses suitable to the occasion.

A charming example is in delaine, a material which is very much in request at present both on account of its lightness and cheapness, the faint cream ground having small sprays of violets in many shades, with leaves.

The overskirt finished with a deep hem, is slightly draped to show a plain petticoat of heliotrope sicilienne, the same being repeated on the bodice, where it takes the form of vest and the inevitable full sleeves.

A second dress of the same material is in true Arcadian coloring, pale pink and blue, a delicate pink ground scattered with forget-me-nots.

This has the skirt pleated into the band in large pleats, which are then allowed to hang at their own sweet will, and edged round the bottom with a frilling of soft creamy lace, and the bodice arranged in a similar manner from the collar, and edged all round the basque with the lace, the whole being toned down by means of a black velvet corselet (which somewhat resembles a pair of corsets), and black velvet straps on the sleeves.

The hat to complete this is of drawn cream chiffon, in a large flat shape, trimmed with a long wreath of shaded roses and forget-me-nots laid on the brim.

Another fabric which is much to the fore is foulard, whilst alpaca and pique are said to be coming in again.

Fine canvas, zephyr, and cambric will as usual hold their own.

For the former almost any style is suitable, although to our minds it certainly requires a little draping.

A model shown us lately was of dark blue with a conventional design in white.

The skirt slightly raised on either side over small flounces of the same, pinked out at the edge, and the full bodice, which fastened invisibly, had the fulness kept in place by means of narrow velvet bands coming slantwise at distances of about two inches apart from the under arm seams, the sleeves being trimmed to match.

A second dress, equally to be admired, was of vieux rose, with a small white spot, a very pretty combination of the skirt, almost, if not quite plain, and the bodice in loose cross folds coming from each side over a small vest of vieux rose silk, filled in with white lisse frillings.

The sleeve was not cut quite so high as is now considered *de rigueur*, but apparent height was given by means of an upstanding frilling of the lisse, which answered the purpose and is at the same time more novel.

This had a small capote of vieux rose velvet, completely covered, with the exception of the brim, with marguerites.

A foulard in pale grey, was particularly noticeable, the skirt having three wide insertions of wide valenciennes lace, and a flouncing round the bottom of the same, and accordeon pleated all round. The upper part consisted of a small gray jacket, rather larger than the usual Figaro jacket, over a blouse of white silk covered with valenciennes piece lace, and a very wide grey sash with fringed ends twisted twice round the waist, and knotted carelessly at the left side.

The head gear was a grey straw Bolero hat, with grey and red pompons, and a tied handkerchief of the latter color.

Alpaca, although not yet at all general, is in vogue and makes very cool and smart costumes, these are best made up as plainly as possible, the nicest we have seen having a gored skirt with the hem quite half a yard in depth turned outwards and slip-stitched, and a round basque bodice, fastened with small cut-steel buttons down one side.

Pique is such very stiff material that it is next to impossible to drape it in any manner and, as it has only been brought in by the prominence of the plain skirt, it seems quite safe to predict that the coming fanciful draperies will entirely do away with it before long.

Canvas, zephyr, and cambric, are always improved by the addition of quantities of lace, some of these now being made in polonaise form over plain and kilted skirts with lace frilling all round.

For garden parties proper, we fancy there will be a good deal of chiffon used, either alone, or mixed with more substantial fabrics.

A beautiful toilette is of cornflower blue chiffon, veiling an underskirt of silk many shades paler, indeed almost verging on grey, with a full chiffon bodice rising from a corselet of satin in the lighter blue shade with a broche design of cornflowers, and sleeves of the same.

The hat to be worn with this is of drawn blue chiffon, with bunches of cornflowers poppies and wheat, and the sunshade is a fluffy affair of similar chiffon.

The most striking features in the costume department this season are the wonderful simplicity of style, the length of the dresses, the fullness and length of the sleeves, and the richness of the materials employed.

Almost all the new skirts have slight trains, or at any rate they touch the ground at the back, and are fully pleated but very flat at the back, and either quite plain or very slightly draped in front.

Sleeves are all made long and full above the elbow, and frequently have large puffs, extending from the shoulder to the elbow.

The simplicity of style encourages the use of rich and good fabrics, for less material being required, a dress in the height of fashion can now be made of a rich fabric at the same price as an equally stylish costume could be made in inferior material a short while ago.

Foulards, plain and figured, surahs, bengalines, lace and fine fancy muslins are chiefly in vogue; the trimmings for the most part being of lace or embroidery.

A charming costume is composed of pale lilac foulard, on which is a delicate floral spray; the skirt cut in the simple style described above, with scarcely any drapery in front, is trimmed round the edge with a fine white lace about five inches wide, and above this, at an interval of about three inches with a three inch band of lace insertion to match.

There is a short waisted bodice, trimmed with a fichu of foulard edged with lace and draped diagonally across the front, terminating beneath the waist band on the right side; the waist belt is of faille ribbon in a darker shade of lilac, and double in front, one band encircling the waist, while the other is fastened on beneath the left arm, brought diagonally across the front to join the first, and is fastened under a bow with ample loops and streamers at the point where the fichu terminates; the sleeves are in leg of mutton shape, very full, long, and finished off at the wrist with lace edging.

With this costume is worn a large brimmed hat to correspond, composed of white fancy straw, lined with pale lilac velvet, trimmed with shaded lilac tips and narrow ribbon velvet bows and strings of corresponding color.

Similar costumes can be had in various other new pale colors, the prices in all cases being very reasonable.

Another costume, composed of figured oulard, to be laid in all the newest colors, has a short train, and the front very elegantly draped, pleated into a round yoke of Venetian guipure, gauged at the waist and drawn up in soft loose folds to the hips and back on either side.

The bodice is trimmed besides with guipure on the sleeves, and down each side of the front.

An extremely elegant reception dress is composed of plain surah. There is a slight train, and the front is perfectly plain with the exception of a broad pinked out ruche which edges the skirt all round; the corsage is seamless, cut on the cross, and slightly draped over the front; the sleeves are very long, close fitting below the elbow and draped above.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

Bread Jelly for Invalids—Cut a French roll into thin slices, and toast a golden brown on both sides. Put these into a saucepan with a quart of water, and simmer over the fire until they begin to jelly. When done, strain through a thin cloth, and flavor with lemon-juice, nutmeg and sugar. A little sherry or port wine is an improvement. If a French roll is not at hand, light stale home-made bread will do very nicely.

French Onion-Soups—(1) Cut a large onion into slices, put it into a saucepan with a piece of butter, and simmer over the fire till the onion is a delicate brown. Mix a dessertspoonful of flour smoothly with a pint of water, stir this into the saucepan, and simmer for half an hour. Add pepper and salt and serve with crusts.

(2) Slice the onion as before, and put it into a saucepan with a pint of milk; season, and simmer till the onion is tender. This can be thickened with flour if liked.

Stewed Rabbit—Cut up the rabbit into neat joints, and soak for half an hour in milk and water; then drain and dry with a clean cloth, and put into a saucepan with sufficient good beef dripping to fry them. When the pieces are nicely browned, shake over them a tablespoonful each of flour and of finely-minced parsley, toget her with two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion; add a seasoning of salt, pepper, and lemon-juice, and pour over all a breakfastcupful of good brown stock. Simmer gently until the rabbit is found to be tender; then serve on a hot dish with the sauce poured over. Garnish with curled bacon.

Tomatoes Communication in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Mr. Editor—Having been a sufferer from biliousness and dyspepsia for a great many years, and having tried all sorts of medicines without success, I was recommended to try the effect of tomatoes. The result has been marvellous. I can safely say that since the tomatoes have been in season I have only had one attack—and that a slight one—of this disagreeable complaint. I think you would be doing the public a service in drawing their attention to this simple but effective remedy."

Dutch Sweetbread—Take the strings and sinews from two pounds of lean veal and chop it very fine with quarter-pound veal suet; soak a roll in milk and beat it light. Mix this with the veal and suet and a grate of lemon-peel, pepper, salt, a very little nutmeg, and two or three eggs. Shape it like a sweetbread, egg and bread-crumb it, fry a golden brown, and serve with good thick veal gravy.

Gooseberry-Pie — Simmer a pound of gooseberries for about ten minutes in three gills of water, then put the fruit into a pie-dish with a little of the water in which it was boiled, and a couple of ounces of sugar to the rest of the water, and boil till greatly reduced. Prepare a thin light crust, and bake the pie in a hot oven. When done pour the syrup into the hole at the top of the pie, and let it become cold. Serve with caster-sugar sprinkled over and a jug of rich milk.

Green Vegetables—All green vegetables should be cooked in two waters. After having been well washed, they should be placed in a saucepan and be well covered with plenty of cold water, and the water should be seasoned with a little salt and a very small piece of soda. The water should be brought quickly to the boil, that is what is called blanching the vegetables. As soon as the water boils the vegetables should be taken out and drained and rinsed, and then be put into a saucepan of boiling water with a little salt and soda in it.

Meat-Croquettes—Any kind of cold roast meat will do for this dish. Free it from bone, and skin and chop very finely; season as liked. Some persons like a small quantity of chopped pickle introduced into the mixture. Boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a light paste with flour and an egg well beaten. Roll it out, and cut it into rounds with a saucer. Put some of the meat on one half, double over the other, and pinch the edges. Fry a nice brown in boiling lard. Serve very hot.

Night-Air—An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night-air. What air can we breathe at night but night-air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window during most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in the twenty-four hours.

Cream Toast—Take several slices of thick bread from which the crusts have been removed, and soak them thoroughly in a dish of cream or milk. Have ready an enamelled frying-pan in which a small quantity of fresh butter has been dissolved. When the bread is well saturated with the cream or milk, raise it with a broad knife or flat fish-slice, and fry until it becomes a delicate brown; allow it to drain, and, when nearly cold, cover each slice with a layer of freshly-stewed fruit. Any kind of small fruit will answer the purpose; but currants, strawberries, or raspberries are preferable, and care should be taken that they are not broken in the cooking. The toast is eaten with cream or milk and sugar.

MRS. BINES—"See here! Why are you unloading all those shingles in front of my door? We haven't ordered any."

Driver—"No mum they comes wid the compliments of the neighbors. You see, folks thinks by the way your boy acts that you can't afford to buy any."

FOGG—"I don't believe in the beneficial results of ocean bathing. I had a friend who was seriously injured by salt water once."

Fenderly—"How did it affect him?"

Fogg—"It drowned him."

Confidential Correspondents.

E. L. D.—Your suggestions have been noted and will be borne in mind.

SNOWFLAKE.—Bow, of course, when introduced to anyone; shake hands when a special introduction is made by a friend or mutually intimate friend.

WEST.—It is estimated that the average annual decrease of the Indians in the United States is nearly 2 000. Their present total number, exclusive of Alaska, is about 245 000.

ERNESTINE.—You need not say "ecmilitted suicide," you can say "a suicide" first, as you say "parricide," "paricide" or "matricide." All these are single words, and need nothing else to explain them.

TAJ MAHAL.—We could not say. We believe that "scientific dressmaking" is an accurate system of measurement, more like that of tailors' methods of making than those usually employed by women dressmakers.

MAIDA.—The quotation, "And they laid the Pilgrim in an upper chamber, and the name of the chamber was 'Peace,'" is to be found in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; and the chamber was in "the Palace Beautiful."

CATS.—Angora or Persian cats are very delicate and require great care. Beware of taking the breath of a cat that has a cold or cough, as they are very infectious; and when a cat has either, it generally goes through the house.

H. R. L.—Morphia derives its name from Morpheus, the God of Dreams of the Greek mythology. It is a vegetable alkaloid, extracted from opium, of which it constitutes one of the narcotic principles. Its salts are much used in medicine as an anodyne.

D. O.—To clean a straw hat, make a paste of powdered sulphur and cold water. Wet the hat, and cover it with the paste until the straw cannot be seen. Rub hard, and hang the hat where it will dry. Then rub the sulphur off with a brush until the straw looks white.

QUEEN MAB.—Marmalade is derived from the Italian word for a quince, "marmalata," which word comes from two Greek words meaning honey and apple—a sweet apple crafted on a quince. Marmalade is, properly speaking, a confection made of any of the firmer fruits—the quince, pear, apple, orange, or even the carrot—boiled with sugar.

MARJORY.—About three hundred years ago it was the fashion to wear a ring upon the thumb. Several of Queen Elizabeth's rings that are still extant and well identified are so large that there can be no doubt that they were thumb rings. It was, indeed, at about the same era the custom not only to wear a ring upon the thumb, but to wear the wedding ring there.

PAINTER.—You do not mention what sort of grease spots they were. Benzine will generally clean spots of all kinds; so will turpentine; while a hot iron and brown paper will answer for drops from wax candles; and French chalk, scraped and gently rubbed in with the finger, will take out butter. But having washed the spot, we think you had better try benzine, of which you can purchase a bottle at any druggist's.

LILLY DE BERY.—Grasses and leaves may be mounted between two panes of glass for window decoration, and will look very pretty if carefully pressed and fastened on with what is called "photographer's gum," which can be purchased at an artist's colorman's. The way to preserve the colors of ferns, autumn and green leaves, is to press them carefully in blotting paper, which must be changed every second day, as they will lose color if kept in damp paper.

BESS.—Believe us, there is nothing like plainness. A certain sort of women have a way of talking by hints; and, if they can only get a sensitive person to practise on, they are mercilessly cruel. Remember that cruel people are always cowardly, and, when next an attempt is made to hurt your feelings, talk with direct, fearless plainness. She will of course try to make mischief between you and your brother. Let her try, and defy her. Be gentle with him, but stern and daring with her.

LILY.—The question of weight is one too wide for a very satisfactory answer in a few lines. We should be informed of the age and height of the individual to be able approximately to say it "ought to be" so and so. Besides, it varies in different nationalities, just as in the case of longevity. According to the experiments of the Belgian savant, Quetelet, a woman does not attain her maximum weight till her fiftieth year. In this country the weight itself differs in the different classes of society.

TROUBLED CIS.—We think you should tell your mother; but before doing so inform the "gentleman" who has been paying you attention that you are about to do so; and that if he really love you he will make himself known to your mother, and ask her permission. You are only seventeen, and it is a very bad indication of character in any man to wish you to deceive your mother, and act contrary to her wishes. If he were an honorable man he would not do so, and you are too young to judge for yourself.

X. A. Q. writes.—"Will you please explain what 'quarto' and duodecimo' and all those terms means, as I cannot understand the dictionary definition of them?" The terms are the Latin names for the numerals: quarto, four; octavo, eight; duodecimo, twelve; each having reference to the number of leaves a sheet of paper is folded, without regard to the size of the sheet. For example, a sheet of paper as folded but once is entitled a folio, from the Latin "folium," a leaf. Should you fold it again it would make a quarto, or four leaves. Folding it still again, it would make an octavo, or eight leaves. Folding the sheet into twelve leaves makes a duodecimo.

NESSA.—We cannot understand your bird's condition, especially as the feeding seems right, but it is possible that you give seeds of too heating a kind; try canary seed only for a time, and watch the result. And are you sure that the cage is free from parasites? Examine it carefully; also your bird. If the former be infected, remove the bird and thoroughly disinfect the cage with carbolic acid solution or tobacco water. As to the canary, in its present raw condition, we cannot suggest any treatment excepting a little pure olive oil to relieve the irritation. There are other and more potent remedies, but they would be too strong for your bird. Give a little green stuff daily, and a pinch or carbonate of magnesia in the drinking water, and no messes of any description.